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THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

To which is prefixed

A COPIOUS MEMOIR OF

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

"Succeeding generations justly revere the urn of the Poet, whom the Muses themselves inspired to teach the world innocence and virtue. His fame survives when the trophies of the conqueror are mouldered into dust."

Vol. 1, p. 8.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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IDYLS.

TO THE READER.

THESE Idyls are the fruits of some of my happiest hours: for I scarcely know any more agreeable occupation in which the imagination and a tranquil mind can be engaged, than, when forgetting all that belongs to the period in which we live, we transport ourselves into the midst of the innocent delights of the golden age. A noble mind must dwell with pleasure on every picture of calm tranquillity, of sweet, uninterrupted happiness; and the scenes which the poet traces from uncorrupted nature are the dearer to us for the resemblance which they appear to have with the most blissful moments we have ourselves enjoyed. Often do I flee from the city and seek the deepest solitude; there the beauties of Nature alone banish from my mind all the disgust and all the unpleasing impressions which accompanied me from the town. Enraptured I resign myself wholly to the contemplation of her charms; I am richer than a monarch and as happy as a shepherd of the golden age.

In these delightful regions are placed the scenes of the Eclogue; it peoples them with inhabitants worthy of their beauties, delineates traits of the lives of these happy people, and exhibits the native simplicity of

their manners, habits and inclinations, in prosperity, adversity and every contingency of life. They are free from all the slavish restraints and all those wants which the departure from Nature has imposed upon us; with uncorrupted hearts and minds they receive their happiness immediately from the hands of that tender mother, and reside in situations where she requires but little assistance to enable her abundantly to supply their moderate wants and to gratify their innocent desires. In a word, it paints a golden age, which doubtless once existed, as the history of the Patriarchs attests; and of which the simplicity of the manners of Homer's heroes appears, even in those warlike times, to have been a vestige. It is an additional advantage to this species of poetry to place the scenes in a remote period; they thus acquire a higher degree of probability, as they are not suited to the present times, when the husbandman, who earns his subsistence with hard labor, is obliged to deliver a large portion of its fruits to the sovereign or the state; when oppression and poverty have rendered him rough, artful and abject. I will not pretend to deny, that a writer who now attempts pastoral may not discover particular beauties, by observing the manners and opinions of the peasant; but he must possess refined taste to select these circumstances, and must know how to polish their asperities without destroying their peculiar tone and character.

I have always considered Theocritus as the best

model in this species of composition. In his writings we find the simplicity of manners and feelings best preserved. He was acquainted with the minutest circumstances relating to rural life and the simple beauties of nature: in his Idyls we meet with something more than roses and lilies. His pictures are not the productions of an imagination that pourtrays only common objects, which strike even the most superficial observer: they possess the charming simplicity of Nature, from which all of them appear to have been copied. He has given his swains the highest degree of artless innocence; they express sentiments just as they rise in their uncorrupted hearts, and all the embellishments of their poetry are drawn from their occupations and from unsophisticated nature. They are strangers to epigrammatic point and scholastic method. He understood the difficult art of infusing into their songs that pleasing negligence, by which poetry in its early infancy must have been distinguished. He knew how to give their strains the soft tones of innocence which they cannot fail to breathe, when the simple sentiments of an uncorrupted heart kindle the fancy, filled only with the most pleasing images of nature. It is true, that the simplicity of manners which still existed in his time, and the respect even then paid to agriculture, facilitated the task. An epigrammatic style had not yet become fashionable and men possessed more taste and feeling for real beauty than for barren wit.

It is, in my opinion, a proof of the excellence of Theocritus, that he pleases but few: he can have no charms for those whose minds are not exquisitely sensible to every beauty of nature and even to the minutest objects; for those whose imaginations are perverted by false taste, and many others who are delighted only with overstrained sentiment. These turn with disgust from rural life; they admire only such shepherds whose thoughts are decked with all the embellishments employed by the refined poet; and who are gifted with the talent of squaring their feelings by the rules of art. I know not whether it proceeds from indolence, that so few of the moderns have studied simple nature and the sentiments of innocence, or whether it is in compliance with our false refinement and with a view to obtain more general applause, that they have deviated so widely from the manner of Theocritus. I have, however, chosen him for my model, and it will be a proof to me that I have successfully imitated him, if my works should displease such readers. I am aware that a few of his expressions and ideas are now become perfectly ridiculous, in consequence of the great change of manners which has taken place; and such circumstances I have endeavored to avoid. I do not, however, mean such as shocked a French translator in the writings of Virgil; but I allude to those which Virgil, the imitator of Theocritus, has himself omitted.

S. GESSNER.

IDYLS.

TO DAPHNE.

NOR the bold achievements of the blood-besprinkled hero, nor the horrors of the ensanguined field are now the subject of the gay Muse's strains: mild and timid she shuns the scenes of tumult, with the light pastoral pipe in her hand.

Charmed by the soft murmur of the cool streams, and the dark shades of sacred groves, she wanders on the sedgy shore, or pursues the flowery path embowered by the verdant foliage of lofty trees, or reposes on the soft grass, and composes songs for thee, for thee alone, fairest Daphne! for thy mind, the abode of innocence and virtue, is serene as the brightest morning of spring. Frolic smiles and innocent mirth ever flutter upon thy ruby lips and thy dimpled cheeks, and mild pleasure ever beams from thy sparkling eyes. Yes, since thou hast called me thy friend, beloved Daphne! bright and gay is the prospect of futurity, and each day is accompanied with joy and gladness.

O! pleasing be to thee the simple strains which

my Muse often learns of the shepherds. Often does she listen, in the recesses of the groves, to the nymphs of the trees and the cloven-footed wood-gods, and the sedge-crowned nymphs of the grots. Oft has she visited the mossy cots, around which the peasant plants the peaceful shade, and brings from them tales of virtue, of magnanimity and of ever-cheerful innocence. Often too does she watch the God of Love, in verdant grottoes of thickly-woven branches, or beneath the willows that droop over the stream. He listens to her strains and crowns her flowing hair when she sings of love and frolic sport.

Let, O Daphne! let this alone be the reward of my strains; let me receive no other praise, than the approving smiles of thy beauteous eye, as I sit beside thee. Let the idea of immortal fame inspire the poet, unblessed by happiness like mine; let posterity strew flowers over his tomb, and plant verdant shades on the turf that covers his moulder-ing relics!

LYCAS AND MILON.

THE young singer, Milon, (for the scanty down had but just begun to appear on his chin, like the tender grass in early spring, peering through the late-fallen snow) and Lycas, with the beautiful locks, yellow as the ripe wheat, met together with their bleating herds behind the beech wood. "Wel-come Lycas!" said the singer Milon, and offered him his hand; "let us go into the beech wood, while our herds wander in the luxuriant grass by the lake; my watchful dog will not suffer them to stray."

Lycas and Milon.

Lycas No, Milon! we will seat ourselves here, beneath this overarching rock; upon these scattered fragments, covered with soft moss. Here it is pleasant and cool. See how the clear brook rushes foaming among the bending bushes; it murmurs as it passes between their branches, and hastens to the lake. Here it is pleasant and cool. Let us sit down on these moss-covered stones; we shall then have the dark shade of the beech wood before us.

They went and seated themselves on the mossy stones beneath the rock. And Milon said: "Lycas, I have often heard thy singing commended: let us have a trial of skill, for to me too the Muses are favorable. I will stake that young heifer; it is beautifully spotted, black and white."

Lycas. And I will stake the best goat in my flock, and her young one; yonder she is, browzing on the ivy that entwines the willow by the lake, and the kid is sporting beside her. But, Milon, who shall be umpire? Shall I call old Menalcas? See, there he is engaged in conducting the stream into the meadow by the beech wood; he is a judge of song.

The young swains called Menalcas; he came and seated himself beside them on a mossy stone, and Milon thus began:

Milon. O! happy is he who enjoys the Muse's favor. When the heart throbs with delight how sweet it is to breathe our transport to Echo and the groves! The Muses never fail to inspire me with a song when soothed by the moon's mild lustre, or charmed with the rosy tints of morn. How often doth not song enliven the gloomy hours! On me

too the Muses deign to bestow their favors, and yonder snow-white goat is destined as a sacrifice to them. Soon with her horns entwined with flowers will I lead her to the altar, and sing new songs of praise!

Lycas. When a lisping infant, I sat upon my father's knee, while he played a tune on his pipe, I listened attentively and strove to imitate his notes; or smiling I took it from his hand and produced imperfect tones. But Pan appeared to me in a dream. "Youth!" said he, "go into the grove, and take the pipe which the singer Hylas hung upon the oak, consecrated to me; thou art worthy to inherit it. Yesterday I sacrificed to him shoots from my newly-grafted trees, and poured libations of milk and oil upon his altar."

Milon. But love inspires the song more than the bright radiance of morning, more than the delightful shade, more than the soft beams of the moon—O, when a virtuous maiden is the subject of our songs, when she repays them with a sweet smile or a garland! Since Chloe called me her swain, my heart has been as light as the landscape illumined by the genial sun-shine in spring; my songs too have improved; Chloe, who smiles sweetly as the mild Ceres, and is wise as the Muses.

Lycas. Ah! my heart was long unoccupied by love; I sang peacefully in praise of the Gods, or of the cares of the flock, or the cultivation of the orchard or of the vine. But since I beheld Amarillis, the unfeeling Amarillis, I sing nothing but mournful strains, and melancholy has been mingled with all my pleasures. I imagined that I had conquered my passion; the recollection of it seldom disturbed my heart. But ah! never will I again oppose it,

Lycas and Milon.

since I saw her beneath the white-blooming sloe and heard her song. Wanton zephyrs sported around the bush, and showered the blossoms on the maid, mocking the conquered winter with its snowy flakes.

Milon. Yonder, in the shade of the black pine wood, yonder a brook murmurs among the bushes; thither Chloe oft drives her flock. Lately at the dawn of morning, I decked the whole place with garlands; they hung floating from one bush to another and were entwined around their stems; it resembled the temple of Spring or of the lovely Venus. 'I will engrave our names on this pine,' said I, 'and then conceal myself in yon bush, and observe her smiles and her surprize,' I said and began to carve the bark, when suddenly a garland encircled my temples. I started, looked round and Chloe stood smiling behind me. 'I have listened to thee,' said she, and imprinted a tender kiss on my lips.

Lycas. Yonder, on the hill stands my shadowed cottage; yonder, by the stream, are placed my bee-hives in two rows, yonder, in the cool shade of the olive trees. No young swarm has yet wandered from my field; they gaily hum over the flowery mead, and collect for me rich stores of honey and wax. Look at my cows with their distended udders; see how the wanton calves frolic around them, and how my numerous goats and sheep browze the shrubs and eat bare the turf. These, O Amarillis! all these have the Gods given me, and they love me because I am virtuous. Wilt not—O wilt not thou too love me, as the Gods do, because I am virtuous?

Thus sang the shepherds, and Menalcas said: "To whom shall I adjudge the prize, ye melodious singers? Your strains are sweet as honey, they flow smoothly as this brook; they are cheering as kisses from rosy lips. Take thou, O Lycas! the speckled heifer, and give to Milon the goat and her young."

MILON.

"O thou who art lovelier than the dewy morning, thou with the large, black eyes; beauteous are thy dark locks which escape from beneath thy garland and wanton in the winds. Lovely are thy rosy lips when they open with a smile, and lovelier still when they breathe forth the enchanting strain. I listened to thee, Chloe! I listened one morning to thy song, when seated beside the stream, overshadowed by the two lofty oaks; angry at the melody of the birds, angry at the murmur of the brook, I listened to thee. I have seen but nineteen harvests, and my brown face is not destitute of beauty. Oft have I remarked, that when my voice echoed through the valley, the shepherds ceased their songs to listen to my notes; and whose pipe would accompany thy song, better than mine? O beauteous Chloe, love me! See how delightful it is to dwell on this hill, in my rocky cave! See how the creeping ivy has woven its green web over the rock, and how the hawthorn overshadows its summit. My cave is commodious; its walls are hung with soft skins; before the entrance I have planted gourds, whose high-climbing tendrils form a thick, verdant roof. See how lovely the

stream rushes from my rock, and sparkling among the watercresses, pours through the high grass and the flowers. At the foot of the hill it forms a little lake, incircled with rushes and willows; where by the mild moon-light the nymphs often dance to the sound of my pipe, while the sportive Fauns beat time with their sounding hoofs. See how the hazle bushes on the hill are arched into a verdant grot, how the bramble with its black fruit creeps on the ground, how the eglantine rears aloft its crimson berries, and how the apple-trees, entwined by the slender tendrils of the vine, bend beneath their blushing produce. O Chloe! all this is mine, and who could desire more? But alas! if thou lovest me not, a thick gloom envelopes the landscape! O Chloe! love me! Here will we then recline in the soft grass, while the goats climb the rocky steeps, and the sheep and the cattle feed in the luxuriant pasture around us. Then will we look down over the wide-spread valley and behold the sparkling sea, where the Tritons play, and where Phœbus descends from his flaming car. We will sing, while the distant rocks re-echo the sounds, and the nymphs and cloven-footed Gods of the woods shall stand still and listen."

Thus sang Milon, the shepherd of the rock, and Chloe listened to him concealed among the bushes. Smiling, she advanced, and grasped the hand of the swain. "Milon! thou shepherd of the rock!" said she, "I love thee more than the sheep love the fragrant clover, or the birds to pour forth the melodious strain. Lead me to thy cave; thy kiss is sweeter to me than honey, more lovely than the murmurs of the limpid brook."

IDAS AND MYCON.

Idas. Welcome, Mycon, thou sweet singer! When I meet thee, my heart beats with joy. I have not seen thee since, seated on the stone by the stream, thou sangest the song in praise of spring.

Mycon. Welcome, Idas, who excellest on the pipe! Let us seek a cool spot and recline in the shade.

Idas. We will ascend the hill on which stands Palemon's oak: it casts a shadow far around, and cool zephyrs ever wanton there. In the mean time my goats may climb those steep rocks and browze on the shrubs. See how the large oak spreads its slender branches and diffuses around a refreshing shade. Let us seat ourselves here, beneath these wild rose-bushes, while gentle winds play with our hair. Mycon, this is to me a sacred spot! O Palemon! this oak remains a memorial consecrated to thy virtue. Palemon's flock was small, but yet he sacrificed many sheep to Pan. 'O Pan!' he prayed, 'grant that my flock may increase, that I may divide it with my poor neighbor!' And Pan caused his flock to increase by one half in the course of a year, and Palemon divided it equally with his poor neighbor. He then sacrificed to Pan on this hill, and planted an oak and said: 'O Pan! this day on which my wishes have been fulfilled, shall be ever sacred to me. Bless this oak which I have planted; it shall be to me a sacred memorial; every year will I sacrifice to thee beneath its shade.'

Mycon! shall I sing thee the song which I always sing under this oak?

Mycon. If thou wilt sing me the song, I will give thee this pipe with nine reeds; I myself carefully selected the reeds that form it on the shore, and joined them with fragrant wax.

Idas then sang: "Ye spreading branches that overarch me, ye dispense with your shade a holy rapture. Ye cooling breezes, when ye fan me, an invisible divinity seems to hover around. Ye goats and ye sheep! spare, O spare the young ivy; tear not the tender shoots from the white stem, that it may creep up and wind its green garlands around. No lightnings shall blast thee, no raging winds shall lay thee low, thou lofty oak! The Gods have decreed, that thou shouldst be a memorial of virtue. High rises its summit; the shepherd descries it at a distance and points it out to his son; the tender mother sees it and tells Palemon's story to the listening infant on her lap. O plant many such memorials of virtue, ye shepherds! that, filled with sacred emotion, we may walk in shady groves."

Thus sang Idas; long after he had ceased Mycon sat listening in mute attention. "Ah, Idas! the dewy morning delights me, and the returning spring fills me with joy; but still more transporting is the recital of virtuous deeds." Thus said Mycon, and gave to Idas the pipe with nine reeds.

DAPHNIS.

One clear winter's morning Daphnis sat in his cottage; the bright blaze of dry, burning branches diffused a pleasing warmth over the hut, while the

sharp winter had covered its straw-thatched roof with deep snow: he gazed with pleasure through the narrow window at the wintry landscape. "Thou art yet lovely, stern winter!" said he; "lovely smiles the sun, through the thin mists that hover above the snow-clad hills; light, glistening flakes of snow float around like the summer flies that dance in the sun-shine over the surface of the lake. It is pleasing to see the black stems of the trees, with their crooked, leafless branches, rising above the snow; or the brown hut with its snow-covered roof, or the hedges of black thorn that intersect the whitened plain. Lovely are the tender blades of the early corn peeping through the snow, blending with the white their delicate green. Lovely are the neighboring shrubs, and the rime which decks their slender branches, and the thin gossamer that waves in the breeze. The plains are indeed forsaken; the flocks and herds repose, shut up among the warm straw; and no tracks are seen in the snow save those of the willing ox, that slowly brings home to the hut the wood which his master has felled in the neighboring thicket. The birds have deserted the bushes; the solitary titmouse alone chirps forth its song; the little hedge-sparrow hops about and the friendly robin approaches the cottage and picks up the scattered crumbs. Yonder, where the curling smoke rises above the trees, yonder dwells my Phillis! Perhaps thou art now seated by the cheering fire, thy fair face supported by thy hand, and thinking of me and wishing for the return of spring. Ah Phillis! how fair art thou! But it was not only thy beauty that won my heart, O how I have loved thee ever since the day when the two goats of young

Alexis fell down the precipice. The youth wept; 'I am poor,' said he, 'and have lost two goats: one was with kid. Alas! I dare not go home to my poor father.' Thus he said, weeping; Phillis beheld his tears, and wiping the drops of pity from her eyes she selected two of the best goats from her little flock. 'There, Alexis!' said she, 'take these goats, one of them is with young.' And when he wept for joy, tears of delight moistened her cheeks because she had made him happy.

"O! frown on, stern winter! my pipe shall not hang dusty in my hut; I will still sing a gay song of my Phillis. Thou hast indeed stripped the trees of their leaves and the meadows of their flowers; but thou shalt not prevent me from weaving a garland; I will entwine the pliant ivy and the slender house-leek with its blue flowers. And this titmouse, which I caught yesterday, shall sing in her hut. Yes, I will carry thee to her to-day, with the garland; then sing her thy sweetest song; with a friendly smile she will address thee and feed thee with her fair hand. O how she will cherish thee, because thou comest from me!"

PHILLIS AND CHLOE.

Phillis. Chloe, thou always carriest that little basket on thy arm.

Chloe. Yes, Phillis! yes, I always carry this basket on my arm; I would not part with it for a whole flock; no, indeed I would not.—She said, and pressed it smiling to her side.

Phillis. Why, Chloe! why is the basket so dear

to thee? Shall I guess? See, how she blushes! Shall I guess?

Chloe. What; do I blush?

Phillis. Yes, as when the evening sun shines in thy face.

Chloe. Ah, Phillis!—I will tell thee. It was given me by young Amyntas, the loveliest of shepherds; he wove it himself. Ah! see how neatly it is made; see how prettily the green leaves and the red flowers are entwined in the white basket. This renders it dear to me; and wherever I go, I carry it on my arm. The flowers that I carry in my little basket appear more beautiful and more fragrant, and the fruits which I eat out of it are sweeter. Phillis—but why should I tell thee all?—I—I have often kissed it. He is the best, the loveliest shepherd.

Phillis. I saw him weaving it. O, if you but knew what he said to the basket! But Alexis, my swain, is as handsome; thou shouldst hear him sing! I will repeat to thee the song he made me yesterday.

Chloe. But Phillis! what said Amyntas to the basket?

Phillis. O, but I must first sing thee the song.

Chloe. Ah!—is it long?

Phillis. Thou shalt hear. "I rejoice when the last rays of the evening sun shine on me on the hill; but Phillis! I am more happy when I see thee smile. Not so joyful returns the reaper to his cottage, who bears the last sheaf to his replenished barn, as I go home to my hut blessed with a kiss from thee." Such was his song.

Chloe. A charming song, indeed. But Phillis! what said Amyntas to the basket?

Phillis. I cannot forbear laughing. He was seated under the willows beside the stream, and while his fingers entwined the green and the brown and the white twigs—

Chloe. Well; but why dost thou stop?

While he interwove the twigs, continued Phillis, laughing, he said: "Thou pretty basket! I will present thee to Chloe, the beauteous Chloe, who smiles so sweetly. As she yesterday drove her flock by me: 'Welcome, Amyntas!' said she, and smiled so kindly, so sweetly, that my heart throbbed. O bend obedient, ye variegated twigs and break not while I interweave you: ye shall then hang by the side of my lovely Chloe. O may she deem it worthy of her acceptance, may she value it and often carry it by her side!" He spoke, and in the mean time the basket was finished; he sprang up and leaped for joy that he had succeeded so well.

Chloe. Ah! I will go. Yonder, behind that hill he is driving his flock; I will pass by him and say: "See, Amyntas! I carry thy basket on my arm."

MIRTIL.

In the stillness of evening Mirtil had repaired to the banks of the lake, sparkling in the moon-light, and had listened in silent rapture to the song of the nightingale. He at length returned to the verdant, vine-covered bower before his lonely hut, and there found his aged father wrapped in sweet slum-

bers in the moon-beams: one arm supported his hoary head. Mirtil long stood, with fixed looks, contemplating the old man, excepting when he raised his eyes towards heaven, through the glistening vine-leaves, and tears of filial love and joy bedewed his cheeks.

"O thou!" he at length said; "thou, whom next to the Gods I most revere! my father! how soft are thy slumbers! how sweet is the sleep of the virtuous! With faltering step thou certainly camest from the hut, to hallow with silent prayers the hour of evening, and while thou prayedst sleep stole upon thee. For me too hast thou prayed, father! Ah! how happy am I! the Gods listen to thy supplications; or wherefore do we thus dwell securely beneath the fruit-laden branches? Wherefore do their blessings rest on our flocks and the produce of our fields? Often when my feeble cares for the repose of thy infirm age draw tears of joy from thine eyes; when, looking up to heaven, thou joyfully blessest me—ah! my father! how sweet are then my sensations; how my bosom heaves, and the tears trickle down my cheeks! To-day, when, leaning on my arm, thou camest from the hut to refresh thyself in the warm sun-shine, and beheldest the flock gamboling around thee, and the trees bending with their fruits, and the fertile, wide-extended plain: 'My hair is grown grey in joy,' didst thou exclaim. 'Be blessed, ye fields! not long shall my languid eyes wander over you; soon shall I exchange you for happier plains.' O my father! my best friend! soon shall I lose thee! Melancholy thought! Ah then—then will I raise an altar by thy tomb; and oft as the blessed day arrives

on which I can do good to a distressed fellow-creature, then, father! will I strew flowers and pour milk on thy grave."

He was now silent, and with tearful eyes gazed on the old man. "How he smiles in his slumbers!" said he, sobbing. "Images of his good deeds present themselves to his imagination. How the moon-light beams on his bald head and glistens on his silvery beard! O mayst thou receive no harm from the cool gales and the moist dews of evening!" He now kissed the old man's forehead, to awake him gently, and conducted him to the cottage to enjoy sweeter slumbers on soft skins.

AMYNTAS.

EARLY one morning, the poor Amyntas returned from the thick wood with his hatchet in his right hand. He had been cutting stakes to form a fence and carried them on his shoulder, bending beneath the burthen. He perceived a young oak beside a rapid stream; its impetuous current had washed away the earth from the roots; the tree shook and appeared ready to fall. "'Twere a pity," said he, "thou shouldst perish in this raging torrent; no, thy proud summit shall not be the sport of its waves." He took the heavy burthen from his shoulders. "I can fetch other stakes," said he, and began to build a dam round the tree and to dig fresh earth. The dam was finished and the bare roots again covered with fresh earth; Amyntas threw his hatchet over his shoulder and once more smiled, contented with his work, beneath the shade of the tree he had preserved: and was preparing to

return to the wood for fresh stakes. But a lovely voice issued from the tree; it was the Dryad* of the oak, who thus addressed him: "Shall I suffer thee to depart unrewarded, thou benevolent shepherd? Speak; what recompence dost thou wish? I know that thou art poor, and that thou leadst but five sheep to the pasture." "O nymph!" replied the poor shepherd, "if I am permitted to prefer a request to thee; let my neighbor, Palemon, who has been sick ever since the harvest, be restored to health!"

Such was the prayer of the virtuous Amyntas, and Palemon recovered. But a blessing rested on the flocks and the trees and the fields of Amyntas; he became a rich shepherd; for the Gods will not suffer the virtuous to pass unrewarded.†

* The Dryads were the guardian goddesses of the oaks, whose existence began and ended with their respective trees.

† I think it scarcely possible that the author can have meant what this observation may, at first sight, appear to imply. So far from riches and temporal prosperity being the invariable recompence of virtue, every person of the least observation must know, that it is more frequently productive of poverty and ignominy and sometimes even of a cruel death. Many of the compositions intended for the perusal of children appear to me to hold out to the juvenile mind a very wrong inducement to virtue. In these, as in the well-known prints of the *Industrious Apprentice* by the celebrated Hogarth, the hero of the piece is commonly represented as a model of excellence, whose virtuous conduct is infallibly rewarded with the hand of some rich and beautiful female, and the highest honors of the community. Thus youth are taught to love and to practise virtue not on account of the internal gratification and delight it affords, but for the temporal advantages with which they are led to expect that it will be accompanied. T.

DAMON AND DAPHNE.

Damon. The dark tempest is past, Daphne! the harsh voice of the roaring thunder is silent. Tremble not, Daphne! the zig-zag lightnings no longer dart from the black clouds. Let us leave the grot; the sheep that timidly crowded under this leafy bower, shake the rain from their dripping fleeces, and again disperse over the refreshed pasture. Let us go out and see how beautifully the landscape glistens in the sun-beams.

Hand in hand they now quitted the sheltering grotto. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Daphne, pressing the shepherd's hand, "how charming is the landscape! How bright appears the azure of heaven through the riven clouds? How they fly, those clouds, and throw a shadow as they pass on the sunny landscape! See, Damon! yon little hill, with its cottages and its flocks, is now in the shade; the shadow passes away and it is now illumined by the bright sun-beams; see how it sweeps through the valley and over the blooming meads!"

"How bright, Daphne!" cried Damon; "how brilliant shines the bow of Iris, extended from one glistening hill to the other, with the grey cloud behind it; the friendly goddess from her resplendent arch proclaims returning peace, and smiles on the uninjured valley."

Daphne answered, as she threw her snowy arm about him: "See the zephyrs return and frolic more wantonly with the flowers, which glow with fresh beauty beneath the sparkling rain-drops; the

variegated butterflies and the little winged insects again sport in the sun-shine; and the neighboring lake—how the dripping bushes and the trembling willows glisten around it! See, its placid surface again reflects the image of the bright heavens and the waving trees."

Damon. Embrace me, Daphne! embrace me! O what rapture pervades my soul! How delightful is all around us! what an inexhaustible source of transport. From the enlivening sun, to the smallest plant, every thing is wonderful! O what rapture overpowers me, when, from the lofty hill I survey the wide-extended country; when, stretched on the grass, I examine the various flowers and herbs and their diminutive inhabitants; or when, at the midnight hour I contemplate the star-bespangled heavens, the change of the seasons, or the growth of innumerable vegetable productions! When I meditate on these wonders, my bosom heaves; thoughts arise which I am unable to unfold; tears start into my eyes; I sink down and stammer forth my amaze to him who created the world! O Daphne! nothing can equal such rapture but the delight of being beloved by thee.*

Daphne. Ah Damon! I too am enraptured with these wonders! O let us, locked in the tender embrace, let us contemplate the approach of morning, the radiant glow of sun-set, or the soft lustre of the

* The character of this beautiful little piece appears to me to bear the strongest internal evidence of its being a scene from real life. The sentiments of rapture expressed by Damon are doubtless those which had arisen on a similar occasion in the bosom of the amiable author. T.

moon; let us mutually press each other to our throbbing bosoms and stammer forth our praises. O what inexpressible delight, when such raptures are blended with the transports of the tenderest love!

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

A CLOVEN-footed Faun lay stretched in profound slumbers beneath an oak, and was discovered by the young shepherds. "We will bind him fast to the tree," said they, "and he shall purchase his liberty with a song." And they bound him fast to the trunk of the oak, and pelted him with its fallen acorns till he awoke. "Where am I?" said the Faun, and yawned and stretched out his arms and his cloven feet. "Where am I? Where is my pipe? Where is my goblet? Alas! there lie the fragments of my beautiful goblet! I broke it yesterday when I sank down here overpowered with wine. —But who has bound me?" He said, and looked round him and heard the tittering laughter of the swains. "Unbind me, boys!" he cried. "We will not unbind thee," answered they, "till thou hast sung us a song." "What shall I sing, ye shepherds?" said the Faun. "I will sing of my broken goblet. Sit down on the grass around me."

And the shepherds seated themselves on the turf around him, and he began:

"It is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around.

"Beautiful was my goblet, the fairest ornament of my cave; when a wood-god passed by, I called to him: 'come drink and see the most beautiful

goblet!' Jove himself at his ambrosial banquets has not a fairer bowl.

"It is broken! alas! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around.

"When my brethren of the woods assembled in my cave, we seated ourselves around the bowl. We drank, and each on drinking, sang the story engraved on the part that was next to his lips. Now, my companions! we shall no more drink from the goblet; we shall no more sing the subjects engraved on its sides.

"It is broken! alas! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around.

"For Pan was engraved on my goblet, as transfixed with horror he stood on the shore, when he saw the most beautiful of nymphs changed, even in his circling arms, into whispering reeds. He cut the hollow tubes of unequal length, and cementing them with wax he played a melancholy strain on the shore. Echo listened to the new music and repeated it to the astonished mountains and woods.

"But it is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around.

"Jove too was engraved on my goblet, as in the form of a white bull he bore the nymph Europa on his back amid the waves. He licked with fawning tongue the uncovered knee of the fair. Lamenting, she clasped her hands over her head, while wanton zephyrs sported with her flowing tresses; and before him little Loves rode smiling on the willing dolphin.

"But it is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around.

"Bacchus was likewise there in all his beauty.

He was seated in a vine-covered bower, and a nymph reclined by his side. Her right arm encircled his waist; her left was raised, and held back the goblet for which his smiling lips seemed to long. She gazed on him with languishing softness, and appeared to ask him for kisses. His spotted tigers frolicked before him, and fawning ate the purple clusters from the hands of the little Cupids.

"But it is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! there lie the fragments scattered around. O Echo repeat my lamentations to the groves! repeat them to the Fauns in their caves. It is broken! There lie the fragments scattered around."

Thus sang the Faun: and the young shepherds unbound him and gazed with admiration on the fragments that lay scattered on the grass.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

It was evening when Chloe repaired with her Daphnis to the brook that murmurs among the lonely willows; hand in hand they advanced to its woody banks. But Alexis was already seated there; a handsome youth, in whose bosom love had never yet been awakened. "Welcome, thou youth, who hast never felt the influence of love!" said Daphnis; "but now perhaps some maiden has softened thy heart, as thou now seekest the lonely shade; for lovers are fond of silent solitude. I come hither with my Chloe, to sing in these sequestered shades the pleasures of our love." He said, and pressed the maiden's hand to his bosom. "Wilt thou listen, Alexis?"

Alexis. No maiden has softened my heart. I came hither to observe how charmingly the setting sun empurples those hills; but I will listen with pleasure to your song. It is delightful to hear at sun-set the sweet sounds of music.

Daphnis. Come, Chloe! let us seat ourselves by him on the grass; we will sing; I will play on my pipe while thou singest; and do thou, Alexis, who excellest on the pipe, accompany my song.

"I will accompany thee," said Alexis. They now seated themselves on the grass by the brook, and Daphnis began:

Daphnis. Thou silent valley and ye shady hills! no shepherd is so happy as I, for Chloe loves me. She is lovely as the dawn of morning, when the sun gently ascends from behind the hill; then every flower rejoices, and the birds sing at his approach, and gaily hopping on the slender branches, shake the sparkling dew-drops from the leaves.

Chloe. The little swallow rejoices when awaking by the stream from the slumber of winter, she sees the return of beauteous spring. She perches on the willows and sings her rapture to the hills and vales: 'My companion!' she cries, 'awake; the spring is returned.' But much happier am I, for Daphnis loves me, and I cry to my companions: 'Far sweeter than the returning spring is the affection of a virtuous youth.'

Daphnis. It is pleasing to observe the flocks wandering on the distant hills among the dark bushes; but it is lovelier, O Chloe! to see a fresh garland entwined in thy dark hair. Beauteous is the clear azure of heaven, but still more beauteous is thy blue eye, when it smiles upon me. Yes, be-

loved Chloe! I love thee more than the nimble fish love the clear lake; more than the lark loves the morning air.

Chloe. Once as I viewed myself in the placid lake: 'Ah!' sighed I, 'could I but please Daphnis, the best of shepherds!' In the mean time he stood unseen behind me, and threw flowers over my head, till my image disappeared in the dancing circles. I started and looked back, saw thee, and sighed; thou pressedst me to thy bosom. 'Ah!' thou exclaimedst, 'the Gods are witnesses that I love thee!' 'Ah!' said I, 'and I love thee more than the bees love the blossoms, more than the flowers love the dews of morning.'

Daphnis. O Chloe! when with tearful eyes thou embracest me and sayest: 'Daphnis, I love thee!' ah! then I look up through the dark foliage of the trees to the bright heavens. 'Ye Gods!' I sigh; 'how can I thank you for my happiness, for giving me my Chloe?' I sink down on her bosom and weep, and then she kisses the tears from my cheeks.

Chloe. And then I kiss the tears from thy cheeks, while my own flow more copiously and mingle with thine. 'Ah, Daphnis!' I then sigh—thou answerest: 'Ah, Chloe!' and echo repeats the tender sounds. The young grass of spring refreshes the flock, and the cool shade is delightful amid the sultry heat of noon: but, Daphnis! to me nothing is so reviving as when thy sweet lips declare that thou lovest me.

Thus sang Daphnis and Chloe. "Happy mortals!" said Alexis, sighing. "Ah! now I feel that love is happiness; your songs, your looks, your raptures have convinced me of it."

MENALCAS AND ÆSCHINES THE HUNTSMAN.

THE young shepherd, Menalcas, tended his flock on the lofty mountains, and he had wandered into their deepest thickets in quest of one of his sheep. He there found a man lying exhausted beneath the thick bushes. "Ah! young shepherd," exclaimed the stranger; "I came yesterday to these rugged mountains to pursue the deer and the wild boar; and I have lost my way, and have found no hospitable hut, no stream to quench my thirst, nor food to appease my hunger." The young Menalcas gave him bread and new cheese from his pocket, and took the bottle from his side. "Refresh thyself," said he, "here is new milk, and then follow me, that I may conduct thee from these mountains." And the stranger refreshed himself, and the shepherd conducted him from the mountains.

Æschines, the huntsman, now said: "Thou hast preserved my life, kind shepherd! how shall I reward thee? Come with me to the town; there, instead of straw-roofed huts, palaces of marble, surrounded by lofty columns, ascend to the skies. Thou shalt dwell with me and drink from cups of gold and eat the most costly dainties from dishes of silver."

Menalcas replied: "What should I do in the town? I dwell secure in my lonely hut; it protects me from rain and inclement winds, and if no columns surround it, yet it is encompassed with fruit-trees and with vines. I fetch clear water from the

neighboring spring in my earthen pitcher, and I have sweet wine; I eat what my trees and my flocks afford, and instead of silver and gold I strew fragrant flowers on my table."

Æschines. Come with me, shepherd! There also we have trees and flowers: there art has arranged them in straight rows and collected them in beautiful beds. There too are fountains poured into vast marble basins by figures of men and nymphs of marble.

Menalcas. More beautiful is the artless shadowy grove, with its winding paths; more delightful are the meadows decked with a thousand flowers. I have likewise planted flowers around my hut, marjoram and lilies and roses; and O how beautiful are our fountains that gush from the rocks, or rush down the woody steeps and meander through the flowery meads! No, I will not go to the town.

Æschines. There thou wouldst see maidens in silken robes, whose complexions, white as snow, the sun has never injured, decked with gold and costly pearls; and the sweet songs of skilful musicians would there ravish thine ears.

Menalcas. My brown maiden is handsome; thou shouldst see her when she is crowned with fresh roses and a variegated garland; and O how happy are we, seated on the shady bank of a rushing stream! She sings,—O how sweetly she sings! —and I accompany her voice with my pipe, while Echo repeats the strains. Or we listen to the melody of the birds, singing on the branches of the trees or among the bushes. Do your musicians sing more sweetly than the nightingale or the lovely linnet? No, no; I will not go with thee to the town.

Æschines. What then shall I give thee, shepherd? Here, take this handful of gold, and this golden bugle-horn.

Menalcas. What should I do with thy gold? I have abundance of every thing. Shall I buy fruit from the trees, or flowers from the meadows? or shall I purchase milk from my flocks and herds.

Æschines. What shall I give thee, happy shepherd? How shall I reward thy benevolence?

Menalcas. Give me the gourd-flask that hangs by thy side. I think it is young Bacchus that is engraved upon it and Cupids gathering grapes in baskets.

The huntsman with a friendly smile gave him the flask, and the young shepherd leaped for joy like a bounding lamb.

LYCAS;

OR,

THE INVENTION OF GARDENING.

Now the stormy winter confines us to our hut, and whirlwinds drive the silvery shower of flakes. Now shall imagination open the store of images, collected in the blooming spring, in the fervid summer and the variegated autumn: from these I will chuse the fairest, and arrange them in a song for thee, lovely Daphne! So the shepherd, entwining a garland for his maiden, selects only the most beautiful of the flowers. O may the simple strains of my Muse afford thee pleasure, when she sings how, in the infancy of the world, the art of gardening was discovered by a shepherd!

"This is the place," said Lycas, the handsome

shepherd; "'twas here, under this elm-tree that yesterday at sun-set, I received the first kiss from the lips of my beauteous Chloe. Here she stood and sighed, when my trembling arms encircled her, when my faltering voice, my beating heart and my tearful eyes told her that I loved her. It was here, O Chloe! that thy crook fell from thy trembling hand. 'Lycas!' thou stammeredst, sinking on my heaving bosom, 'O Lycas! I love thee!' Ye silent bushes, ye solitary streams, how often have I made you the confidants of my love! and you, ye flowers, how often have ye drunk my tears like dew!'

"O Chloe! what transport I feel! what unspeakable happiness it is to love! To love be this spot consecrated! Around this elm I will plant rose-bushes, and the slender woodbine, adorned with white and purple-striped flowers, shall entwine its stem. Here will I assemble all the beauties of spring; I will plant the glowing poppy beside the lily. I will traverse the meadows and the hills and will rob them of their sweets; the violet and the carnation, the blue-bell and the brown scabiosa—all, all shall blossom here and form a fragrant grove. I will conduct the neighboring stream into a channel around it, so as to form a little island; I will inclose it with a hedge of hawthorn and wild roses, that the goats and the sheep may not destroy the flowers. O then come, ye who live only for love, ye sighing turtle-doves! come and pour forth your complaints in the spreading branches of this elm; come, ye sparrows, chase each other through the rose-bushes and chirp on the waving sprays; come ye variegated butterflies, hover over the

flowery grove, and pursue your amorous sports on the bending lilies.

Then shall the shepherd say as he passes, when the zephyrs waft the fragrant odors far around: 'To what divinity is this place sacred? Does it belong to Venus, or has Diana decked it with such beauties, to slumber among them when she returns weary from the chace?'

PALEMON.

"How lovely gleams the dawn of morning through the hazle-bushes and wild roses before the window! How gaily the swallow twitters from the eaves of my cot and the little lark sings high in the air! Every thing breathes joy, and each plant appears to be renewed by the dew. Even I seem to have acquired fresh vigor; my staff shall support my aged limbs to the threshold of my hut: there will I seat myself opposite to the rising sun and survey the verdant meadows. O how beautiful is all around me. Every sound I hear is the accent of gratitude and joy. The birds in the air, and the shepherds in the pastures sing their transports; even the herds low forth their joy from the grassy hills and the irrigated vales. O how much longer, ye gods! shall I yet witness your goodness! Ninety times have I beheld the change of the seasons; and when I look back from the present moment to the hour of my birth—a wide and lovely prospect, which, in the distance, loses itself insensibly in the thin air—O how my heart expands with gratitude! These sensations which my tongue cannot utter, these tears of joy—are they not, ye

gods! too feeble expressions of my thanks? Ah! flow ye tears! trickle down my cheeks! When I look back, my life appears to have been a perpetual spring, and my hours of trouble were as transient storms, which refresh the fields and revive the drooping plants. No fatal distempers ever thinned our flocks; no blight ever destroyed our trees; no lingering sorrow ever dwelt within our hut. Enraptured I looked forward to the future, when my smiling children played in my arms, or when my hand guided the tottering steps of the infant prattlers. With tears of joy I looked forward to the future when I saw these young plants shoot up. 'I will protect them from harm; I will watch over them with tender care,' said I; 'the gods will prosper my labors! they will grow up and bear delicious fruit, and become trees that will afford a refreshing shade to my feeble age.' I said, and pressed them to my heart; they have flourished, and are now the comfort and delight of my declining years. So flourished the apple and pear-trees and the lofty walnut-trees, which when a youth I planted around the hut; they extend their aged branches, and throw a refreshing shade over our humble dwelling. The greatest affliction I ever experienced was when thou, O Mirta! reclined on my heaving bosom, expiredst in my arms. Twelve springs have already decked thy grave with flowers; but the day, the joyful day approaches, when my ashes shall be deposited by thine; perhaps the coming night may be the last! O, I see with pleasure how my snow-white beard waves on my breast. Yes, sport with the silvery hairs, thou gentle zephyr, that wantonest around me; it is as worthy

of thy caresses as the golden locks of the sprightly youth, or the auburn tresses that float over the shoulders of the blooming maiden. O this day shall be to me a day of joy. I will assemble my children and their lisping infants around me, and will offer sacrifice to the gods. Here before my hut shall the altar be raised. My bald head shall be encircled with a flowery wreath; my feeble hand shall grasp the lyre, and I and my children will sing hymns of praise around the altar. Then will I strew flowers on my tables, and amid pleasing converse we will partake of the sacrifice."

Thus spoke Palemon, he raised his trembling limbs, supported by his staff, called together his children, and held a joyful festival to express his gratitude to the gods.

THE ORIGIN OF SONG,

AND

THE INVENTION OF THE LYRE.

In the infancy of the world, when nature and the few wants of innocence taught the young arts to the yet uncorrupted sons of men, there lived a maiden who surpassed all the females of those days in loveliness; none possessed a mind endowed with such delicate susceptibility, or so fitted to enjoy all the beauties of nature. With tears of joy she greeted the morning's dawn and the glowing landscape; with rapture she beheld the radiance of evening and the mild majesty of the moon. In those times singing consisted only of irregular exclamations of joy. When the early cock proclaimed from the hut the return of morn (for by feeding them men had already assembled some of

the domestic animals around their dwellings) she advanced from beneath its protecting roof, a roof composed of rushes and fir-branches, fastened to the stems of neighboring trees. There she dwelt embosomed in the shade, while the melodious birds inhabited the thick, overarching boughs. She went out to survey the landscape glittering with dew, and to listen to the song of the birds in the adjacent grove. Enraptured she sat and listened, and attempted to imitate their strains: harmonious tones now flowed from her lips—more melodious than maiden had ever uttered; every note that her lovely voice could imitate she combined to form her music. "Ye little merry warblers! (she began, in her newly-acquired tones) how sweetly sound your strains from the summits of the tall trees and from the lowly bushes! O that I could welcome the radiant morn with notes lovely and varying as yours! O teach me those varying notes, then will I sing with you my soft raptures to the early sun-beams." Thus she sang, and imperceptibly her harmonious words arranged themselves in sweetly-sounding measure to her song. Full of delight she perceived the new melody, and enraptured she continued: "How glistens the tuneful grove! how sparkles the wide landscape in the dew! O thou, who hast created all these beauties! what rapture I feel! I can now sing thy praises in sweeter tones than my companions." She sang, while Nature listened in silent transport, and the birds of the grove were hushed in mute attention.

She now went every morning to practise her new art in the grove; but a youth had long listened to her in the thicket; enraptured, he stood concealed

by the bushes, and sighing, sought the deepest recesses of the wood where he endeavored to imitate her song. He sat one day musing beneath his reedy roof, leaning on his bow: he had invented it to kill the birds of prey that destroyed his doves, for whom he had erected a cote of willow-twigs in a neighboring tree. "What is it," said he, "that forces sighs from my bosom, that lies so heavy on my heart? It is indeed exchanged for pleasure, and my eyes overflow with tears of joy, when I see the maiden in the grove, and listen to her song; but when she is absent, O what melancholy then oppresses my heart! Ah! what is this new emotion that sighs from my bosom?" While he spoke his hand played with the strained cord of the bow, and a sweet sound murmured over the string. The youth listened, and astonished, repeated the experiment. Deeply musing, he attempted to improve upon the new discovery, and again struck the strained string of the bow, made of the intestines of birds of prey. He sprang up, and cutting two long and two short pieces of wood, he fastened the shorter at each end of the longer, and between the latter he stretched strings across the two shortest. His hand now began to play, and he remarked the lovely variety of tones proceeding from the weaker and the stronger strings: then unbinding them again, he arranged them in more harmonious order. He began to play, and leaped for joy at the discovery.

Oft as the morning returned, the youth now went to practise his new art in the recesses of the grove, and sought to produce from the strings harmonious tones, according with the songs he had heard of the maiden in the thicket. But it is said,

The origin of song and the invention of the lyre.

that he was long unsuccessful, and that many of the tones were discordant to his ear, till a god appeared to him, attuned the strings of his lyre, and instructed him how to play. At the dawn of each day he sought the maiden in the grove, and learned new songs, and then returned to the banks of the stream to imitate them on his lyre. One delightful morning the maiden was seated in the grove; crowned with flowers she sat and sang: "Welcome, lovely sun! from behind the mountain; thy soft beams already gild the tops of the trees on the lofty hills, and the plumage of the sprightly lark high poised in the air. The birds of the grove greet thy approach with songs, and ——" She paused, and looked attentively around. "What lovely voice," she exclaimed with astonishment, "mingles itself with mine? It accompanies every tone of my song! Where art thou?—Wherefore art thou silent?—Sing again lovely voice! Art thou some feathered inhabitant of this grove—O bend hither thy rapid flight to this pine-tree, that I may see thee and listen to thy song!" She said, and looked earnestly among all the branches around her. "Hast thou timidly flown away?" she continued. "Or ——— I never heard this voice in the thicket before—perhaps I may be deceived. But no, it was not the delusion of my fancy! I will sing another song:—Welcome, ye lovely flowers! yesterday ye were buds, now your expanded blossoms are greeted by the gentle breezes of morning, and the humming bees; the variegated butterfly flutters gaily around you and drinks your dew." Thus she sang, often pausing to look around and

listen; for the sounds had again accompanied her song.

She now timidly rose. "No, I was not deceived, the sound accompanied every note." As she spoke, the youth advanced from behind the bushes, crowned with a wreath of flowers and with the lyre under his arm. Smiling he took the bashful maiden's hand. "O fair maid!" said his sweetly-smiling lips in gentle accents; "no feathered inhabitant of the grove imitated thy song; it was I who accompanied it with this instrument. Every morning I came to this thicket, to listen to thy song, and then repaired to its solitary recesses to imitate thy notes on these strings. It was a god, sweet maiden! who instructed me in the grove." The modest eyes of the maiden glanced rapidly over the youth and rested on the cords. "O lovely maiden! continued the youth, fixing on her his languishing eyes, "how enraptured should I be, wouldst thou permit me to go with thee to the grove, and, seated by thy side, to accompany thy songs with my lyre!" "Youth!" said the maiden, raising her eyes, happy shall I be, when thy lyre accompanies my songs; its tones are sweeter than echo. But now come with me to my shady cot; for the sun begins to scorch. Beneath the dusky shade thou shalt partake of my noon-tide repast, delicious fruits and new milk."

The youth went with the maid to her hut, and they taught the art of singing and playing on the lyre to the swains and the maidens around. A long time elapsed before their melody was accompanied by the soft tones of the pipe; it was Marsyas who

brought to the gods of the woods the pipe, which the inventress, Minerva, justly enraged at the ridicule of the goddesses, had thrown on the beach. —Two trees were planted on a high hill in memory of the maiden and the youth, and beneath their shade, succeeding generations related to their children the origin of song and the invention of the lyre.

MIRTIL AND THYRSIS.

MIRTIL, in a cool, nocturnal hour had repaired to a high hill; the dry branches he had collected, burned with a clear flame, while the eyes of the lonely youth, extended on the turf, wandered over the heavens thickly sown with stars, or rested on the landscape, glistening in the bright moon-beams. He was startled by a sudden rustling in the thicket: it was Thyrsis. "Welcome, Thyrsis!" said he; "seat thyself by the cheerful fire; how camest thou hither, while the whole country is buried in sleep?"

Thyrsis. Welcome, Mirtil! if I had expected to find thee, I should not so long have delayed to approach the curling flames, which shine so bright in the valley through the darkness. But hear me, Mirtil! now when the moon's wan lustre and the silence of night invite to serious strains; I will give thee a beautiful lamp which my skilful father modelled of clay: it is a serpent with wings and feet; the mouth is opened wide and the little light is fixed in it; the tail is coiled up behind and forms a convenient handle. This I will give thee, if thou wilt sing me the song of Daphnis and Chloe.

Mirtil and Thyrsis.

Mirtil. I will sing thee the song of Daphnis and Chloe now when the lonely night invites the serious strain. Here are dry branches; do thou in the mean time tend our cheering fire.

" Repeat my lamentations ye clefts of the rocks; in plaintive tones echo back my strains through the groves and from the shore!

" Soft shone the moon, as Chloe stood on the solitary shore, watching with anxious eyes for the boat that was to convey her Daphnis over the stream. ' Long tarries my beloved,' said she—The nightingale ceased her song and listened to the tender accents. ' Long he tarries; but hark! —I hear a dashing, like that of waves against a vessel. Art thou coming?—O it is he!—But no! —How often will ye deceive me, ye rippling waves? Sport not with the anxious solicitude of a tender maiden! Where art thou now, my beloved? —Does not impatience give wings to thy feet? Art thou hastening through the wood to the shore? O may no thorn pierce thy nimble feet, and no creeping snake wound thy heel! Thou chaste Diana, with the unerring bow shed thy mild beams on his path! O! when thou descendest from the boat, how I will press thee to my heart!—But now, now surely ye deceive me not, ye waves! O, softly strike against the vessel, bear him gently on your billows! And you, ye nymphs, if ye have ever loved, if ye ever felt anxiety tender as mine—I see him!— Welcome, my love!—Dost thou not answer me?—O gods!"—Chloe sank senseless on the shore.

" Repeat my lamentations ye clefts of the rocks!

in plaintive tones echo back my strains through the groves and from the shore!

"An inverted boat approached, and glistening in the moon-beams, announced the melancholy tale. Chloe lay senseless on the shore, and an awful silence reigned around. She revived; she awoke but to experience new horrors. She was seated on the shore, trembling and speechless, when the moon was veiled by thick clouds; her bosom heaved with sobs and sighs. She now shrieked wildly; echo repeated her cries to the sorrowing landscape, and the woods and thickets resounded her plaintive moans: she beat her breast and tore her flowing tresses from her head. "Ah Daphnis! Daphnis! O ye faithless billows! ye cruel nymphs! Ah! wretched as I am, why—why do I delay to seek death in those waves which have robbed me of all the joys of life? She said, and springing from the shore plunged into the stream.

"Repeat my lamentations ye clefts of the rocks! in plaintive tones echo back my strains through the groves and from the shore!

"But the waves, obedient to the command of the nymphs, bore her in safety along. 'Ah! cruel nymphs!' she exclaimed, 'prolong not my sufferings; close over me ye waves!' But the waves, heedless of the voice of her despair, gently bore her to the shore of a little island—Daphnis had saved himself by swimming and taken refuge there. The tenderness, the rapture with which she sank into his arms, this, O! this, I cannot sing. Not so tenderly the nightingale escaping from her confinement, flies transported to her mourning mate, who each night poured forth her plaintive strains; they

sigh, they join their bills and clap their wings; they express their rapture in songs of joy throughout the whole still night.

"Mourn no more, ye clefts of the rocks! let joy resound through the groves and from the shore! And thou, Thyrsis, yield me the lamp, for I have sung thee the story of Daphnis and Chloe."

THE FAUN.

"No, no happy days shall ever return for me!" cried the faun, as at the break of day he staggered forth from his cave. Since I lost the fairest of nymphs I hate the light of the sun. Till I find her again, no ivy shall entwine my horns, no flowers shall bloom around my cave; I will crush them before they blossom, and will trample my pipe and my goblet to pieces.

He was wildly trampling on his pipe and his goblet, when another faun passed by; he lifted the heavy wine-skin from his shoulder. "Art thou mad?" he exclaimed, laughing; "on this day, this joyful day, the festival of Bacchus! Wind quickly an ivy wreath around thy horns, and come to the feast, this best, this happiest day in the year!"

"No, no happy days shall ever return for me!" said the faun. "I swear that till I find her, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns. O fatal hour, in which the nymph fled from me; she fled to the banks of the stream which opposed her course. Irresolute she stood; I trembled with joy; and already fancied that I had clasped the struggling maiden in my vigorous arms, when the Tritons,—

O the detested robbers!—rose from their watery beds, seized the trembling nymph and sounding their conches bore her swiftly to the opposite shore. I swear by Styx, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns!"

"And a coy nymph—O, I cannot forbear laughing!—" said the other faun; "and a coy nymph causes thee all this uneasiness! As for me, faun, love shall never give me an hour's anxiety; no, not an hour's. If one denies me a kiss, I repair to another. I swear to thee, faun! my lips shall never kiss a nymph again, if any of them detains me an hour to day from this joyful feast: I will love them all, I will kiss them all. Be not dejected, faun! thou art young and handsome; comely is thy brown face, and bright are thy large black eyes: thy hair curls finely around thy crooked horns, which stand up amidst thy locks like two oaks among the low bushes. Let me crown thee, faun! here is a beautiful sprig; let me crown thee! I already hear at a distance the wild sound of clashing thyrsi, cymbals and pipes. Bend thy head! the tumult approaches: there they come from behind the hill: let me crown thee! See how proudly the tygers draw the car! O Bacchus! See how the fauns and nymphs dance around! what joyful tumult! O Evan Evoe! Thou art crowned! haste, lift the wine-skin on my shoulder. O Evan Evoe!

CHLOE.

"Ye friendly nymphs who dwell in this still cave, who have planted thick bushes before its cool entrance to enjoy tranquil repose beneath the

Chloe.

pleasing shade; listen to my complaints, if now ye sport not with the wood-gods in the recesses of the groves, or on the neighboring hills; but if ye slumber on your mossy urns, O may my voice not disturb your repose! But listen, gentle nymphs, listen when ye awake to my complaints. I love—ah!—I love Lycas with the yellow hair! Have ye not seen the young shepherd, when he drives his speckled cows and bounding calves past this spot, while Echo repeats the soft strains of his pipe as he walks behind them? Have ye not seen his blue eyes and his sweet smile? Have ye not listened to his song, when he describes the pleasures of the cheerful spring, the merry harvest, the variegated autumn; or when he sings the delights of a shepherd's life? O, I love the comeliest of swains, and he knows not that I love him. How tedious have been thy days, thou stern, inclement winter, who hast driven us from the plains! How long it is since I saw him for the last time in autumn! He lay slumbering beneath the bushes; O how lovely he looked! How the winds sported with his hair, while the waving leaves threw over him a flitting shade. O! I see him still; the shadows danced over his fair face and he smiled as if in a pleasing dream. I hastily gathered flowers and softly entwined a garland round the temples of the sleeper and round his pipe. I retired; 'But I will wait,' said I, 'till he awakes; how he will smile and wonder, when he finds his head and his pipe wreathed with flowers! Here I will wait his waking; he must certainly see me in this place, and if he does not—I will raise a loud laugh.' I said, and placed myself among the bushes, when my companions called

me. O how was I disappointed ! I was obliged to go, and could not witness his smiles and his joy at perceiving his temples and his pipe entwined with flowers. How happy am I, now that spring is returning ; I shall now see him again in the meadows ! Ye nymphs ! I will hang these garlands on the branches that overshadow your cave ; they are formed of primroses, early violets, may-flowers, yellow cowslips, crimson-tipped daisies and the first blossoms of spring. Be propitious to my love ; and when the shepherd slumbers beside your stream, tell him in dreams that it was Chloe who wreathed his pipe and his temples with flowers ; that it is Chloe, who loves him."

Thus spoke Chloe, and decked the leafeless boughs with the early flowers : a soft murmur issued from the cave, as when Echo repeats the soft tones of a distant pipe.

TITYRUS AND MENALCAS.

THE silver-haired Menalcas reclined on the brow of a hill in the mild sun-beams ; with pensive pleasure his eyes wandered over the autumnal landscape, when Tityrus, his youngest son had stood for some time unperceived beside him. Filled with soft transport, the old man sighed, and his son long surveyed him with silent delight. " Father !" he at length said in gentle accents : " how sweet must be thy sensations ! I have long observed how thine eyes wandered over the autumnal landscape : I have heard thy sighs. Father ! grant me one request."

" Name thy request, my beloved child ! said

Menalcas, "and seat thyself beside me that I may kiss thee." Tityrus placed himself by his side, and the old man tenderly kissed his son's cheek. "Father!" continued the youth; "my eldest brother has told me——for often while we sit by our flocks in the shade we talk of thee, till tears, tears of joy bedew our cheeks—my brother has told me, that all the country round formerly acknowledged thee to be the best singer, and that thou hast won many a goat as the prize of song. O wouldst thou now favor me with a song, now that the autumnal landscape has so highly delighted thee! Grant me, father, grant me this request."

Menalcas, with a tender smile replied: "I will try whether the muses still love me, they who have so often assisted me to win the prize. I will sing thee a song."

His eyes once more glanced on the landscape, and he thus began:

"Hear me, ye muses! listen to my hoarse invocation. In the spring of my days, ye never suffered me to call you in vain by the rushing stream or in the silent grove. O be ye propitious to my hoary age!

"What a soft rapture dost thou convey to my soul, thou autumnal landscape! How gaily decked is the expiring year. Yellow are the poplars and the willows that droop over the lake; yellow are the apple and pear-trees, on the variegated hills and in the verdant plains, intermingled with the glowing red of the cherry-tree. The grove is decked with various colors, like the meadow in spring enamelled with flowers. Russet tints of different hues extend from the mountain to the valley, blended

with ever verdant fir and pine-trees. The fallen leaves already rustle under the feet of the wanderer; the flocks mournfully stray amid the withered grass, unadorned by any flower save the speckled daisy, the lonely messenger of winter. Now comes the repose of winter, ye trees! ye have kindly yielded us your ripe fruit, and have afforded a cooling shade to the shepherd and his flock. O may none descend to the repose of the grave without having, like you, borne sweet fruit, and cast a refreshing shade over all who needed it. For, my son! a blessing rests on the hut of the virtuous and on his fields. O my son! he who is virtuous and places his confidence in the gods walks in a safe path. When he offers sacrifice, the incense ascends to Olympus, and the gods graciously listen to his prayers and his thanksgivings. No screech-owl or dolefully-croaking night-raven is to him the messenger of sorrow; he dwells securely beneath his peaceful roof; the friendly household gods observe his actions, they mark his benevolent words and bless him. Some troubled days indeed deform the spring, and some stormy clouds intercept the summer's genial sun-shine: but, murmur not, my son! if Jove should mingle in thy span of life some hours of sorrow. Forget not my precepts, my son! I go before thee to the grave. Spare, ye rude winds! spare the dress of autumn; let soft gales slowly rob the trees of their drooping foliage, so that I may yet often gaze with delight on the variegated landscape. Perhaps, when thou again returnest, fair autumn! — perhaps I shall see thee no more! Which of these trees will then strew its dying leaves over my grave?"

Thus sang the old man; and Tityrus pressing his father's hand to his lips, bedewed it with his tears.

MIRTIL AND DAPHNE.

Mirtil. WHITHER so early, my sister? The sun has not yet risen from behind the hill; scarcely has the swallow begun her song, or the early cock yet greeted the morning, and thou art already wandering among the dew! What festival art thou preparing to celebrate that thou art so early filling thy basket with flowers?

Daphne. Welcome, dearest brother! Whence comest thou in this damp morning? what art thou doing in the still twilight? I have been gathering violets and may-flowers and roses and am now going, while our father and mother are still asleep, to scatter them over their bed: they will awake among the sweet perfumes and rejoice to find their couch bestrewed with flowers.

Mirtil. My beloved sister! I love thee more than my own life! And I—thou knowest sister! that yesterday at sun-set, when our father was looking at the hill on which he loves to rest, he said: 'How pleasant it would be if a bower stood on that spot, to receive us into its shade!'— I heard it, but appeared not to notice his words; and this morning I rose before day-break and constructed a bower and bound the straggling hazle-bushes to its sides. O my sister! look, the work is completed. Do not mention it; let him discover it himself; this will be a day of joy for us!

Daphne. O my brother! how pleasing will be hi

surprise, when he sees the bower at a distance. I will now steal softly to their bed and scatter these flowers over them.

Mirtil. When they awake amid the sweet perfumes, they will look at each other with a friendly smile and say: "It is Daphne who has done this. Where is she? that best of children? She has provided a pleasure for us before our waking."

Daphne. And brother! when he perceives the bower from the window: "Do my eyes deceive me?" he will exclaim. "Yonder stands a bower on the brow of the hill. It must be my son who has erected it. Blessings be upon him! He sacrifices the repose of the night to prepare pleasures for our age!" Then, brother! then the whole day will be devoted to joy. For to those who do good in the morning, every hour brings pleasure, and prosperity attends all their undertakings.

MILON.

THE youthful Milon caught a bird in the pine-wood; its feathers were beautiful, but still more delightful was its song. He made it an airy nest in the hollow of his hands, and ran overjoyed to the place where his flock reposed in the shade. Throwing his straw hat on the ground, he placed under it his little captive, and hastened to the neighboring willows to collect the slenderest twigs to form a handsome cage. "When I have made thee a pretty cage," said the swain, "then, little flutterer, I will carry thee to Chloe. For this present I may reasonably ask of her at least one sweet kiss. She is not ill-natured, she will not refuse me one, and if

she gives that, I will steal three or four. O that the cage was already finished!" He said, and ran with the willow twigs under his arm to his straw hat. But how great was his mortification! A malicious zephyr had overturned his hat, and the bird had flown together with his kisses.

THE ILL-REQUITED PASSION.

At the rosy dawn of morning a satyr lay entangled in a net among the reeds of a marsh; one of his cloven feet was sticking up through the net, while he lay exhausted and unable to disengage a single limb. The birds that fluttered among the reeds flew away, and the croaking frogs leaped fearfully around, astonished at the extraordinary captive. "I will howl," said he at length, "I will howl as loud as my throat has power, till some one comes to my relief." And he howled till hill to hill and woods and vales repeated the discordant sounds. Five times he howled, and five times he howled in vain; at length a faun advanced from the thicket. "Whence proceed these horrid cries?" said he. "Let me hear thy frightful voice once more, that I may discover where thou art." The satyr howled again, and the faun ran to the marsh where he found the grotesque prisoner. "In the name of all the gods, friend!" exclaimed the satyr, "release me from this cursed net. Since the first beams of moon-light I have been lying in this marsh." But the faun stood holding both his sides, shaking with convulsive laughter, when he perceived the ridiculous figure entangled in the net, with one leg stretched up immovable and half his

body sunk in the mud. He, at length, began to untwist the net and placed the satyr on his feet. "Is that a comfortable mode of sleeping?" said he. "Tell me, in the name of all the gods, tell me, by what accident thou hast found this strange resting-place." "Ye gods!" exclaimed the newly-delivered captive, "is this the reward of the most ardent passion! O! cursed be the hour in which I first beheld her! But let us seat ourselves beneath yon drooping willow, for my leg pains me." They seated themselves under the willow, and he thus began his melancholy story: "A whole year have I already loved the nymph of the stream, that rushes from among the bushes at the foot of yon rock on which the pine-tree waves. Unheard, unpitied, have I stood half the night, during the course of a whole year, before her cave, complaining to her of my anguish. Unregarded, I stood sighing and lamenting, or played on my flute, or sang a song of my love that would have drawn tears from rocks; but nothing could make any impression on her obdurate heart."

"I should like to hear that song," said the faun.

"I will sing it thee," answered the satyr: "it is the best that ever I composed in my life." And he thus began:

"O thou fairest goddess!—for in comparison with thee Venus herself is but homely—wilt thou never listen to my passion? wilt thou be ever deaf to my complaints as this stone on which I sit? O! wretched as I am, shall I ever pipe in vain before thy cave, and sing and moan and lament in the sultry heat of noon, and in the cold shades of night.

The ill-requited passion.

Thou knowest not how sweet it is to have a youthful lover—ask yon silent owl that dwells in the hollow tree behind thy grot, and whoops at night for joy, as I used to do in my happy days when I returned drunk to my cave. O! if thou didst but know, thou wouldst spring forth and throw thy snowy arms around my brown neck and conduct me to thy cave: then should I leap high for joy like a young calf. O thou cruel one! how oft have I decked thy cave with pine-branches from which hung the fragrant cones, and with boughs of oak, so that on thy return from dancing and sporting (alas! with others) thou hast been struck with admiration of its beauty and splendor. How oft, thou insensible nymph, have I collected the earliest strawberries, and placed them in large baskets before thy cave! Have I not offered thee all the fruits of the varying seasons, hazle-nuts and the choicest roots? Have I not in autumn brought thee my largest vessel full of the mashed, purple clusters, swimming in their foaming juice, and new goats' cheese? I have long been rearing for thee a black kid, and have taught him every trick that can amuse thee. He comes when I call him and kisses me, and when I play on my pipe he stands on his hind legs, (O thou shouldst then see him!) and dances as I dance. O thou cruel one! since I have experienced the torments of love, I relish neither food nor drink, and my wine-skin often lies a whole hour untouched. My face was once round as a gourd; but now I am meagre and altered, and sweet slumbers have fled from my eyes. O how sweet was once my rest till the noon-tide sun scorched me in my cave, or thirst awakened me!

The ill-requited passion.

O nymph! torment me, I beseech thee, no longer. I would much rather be rolled in a bed of nettles, or lie a whole hour without a drop of wine on the hot sand beneath the burning sun. O come! come thou milk-white nymph! quit thy solitary retreat and accompany me to my cave; it is the fairest in the whole thicket. I have spread soft goat-skins for thy couch and mine; on each side are arranged my drinking-vessels great and small, in excellent order, and the sweet smell of must and wine diffuses itself around. O think, think how delightful it will be, when our wanton children chace each other round our wine-vats, or the little prattlers seat themselves on the full skins! Before my cave stands a lofty oak, and in its shade is an image of Pan; I carved it myself of oak: he is weeping over the nymph who was converted into whispering reeds. His mouth is wide open, thou mightest lay a whole apple in it, so strongly have I expressed his pain: yea, even his tears, his very tears have I carved in the wood. But, alas! thou comest not, thou comest not! I must bear back my despair to my solitary cave!"

The satyr was silent, and beheld with astonishment the scornful laughter of his deliverer. "But tell me, said the faun, how camest thou into the net?"

"Last night, as usual," replied the lover, "I stood near her cave, and sang my song full three times over in the most moving accents, interrupted by loud sighs; and, as I was sorrowfully returning, I stuck one of my legs into a net that was suddenly thrown over me. I sank to the earth, and all my attempts to disengage myself but entangled me the

more: loud bursts of laughter resounded on every side. The nymph and her companions surrounded me, and dragged me, incapable of resistance into the marsh. "Here am I," said the cruel creature as she stood with her sister-nymphs laughing on the brink—"and thou comest not that I may throw my arms around thy brown neck, and thou leapst not for joy like a young calf, thou cruel one! Sleep then here while I bear back my despair to my solitary cave!" They then left me, though long afterwards I heard their bursts of scornful laughter. But may wild beasts devour me if ever I go near her cave again!"

"Go," said the faun; "I should have punished thee sooner for thy troublesome passion; go, dance with thy kid and forget thy love, or carve thy adventures in the wood of the oak!"

DAPHNE AND CHLOE.

Daphne. See, the moon is already rising from behind the dark hill; she already darts her beams between the trees that crown its summit. How delightful is this spot; let us linger here a little, while my brother conducts the flocks to the fold.

Chloe. Lovely is all around, and refreshing the cool breeze of evening; we will rest here a little.

Daphne. Look, Chloe! yonder by the side of the rock is the garden of the youthful Alexis. Come let us look over the hedge. In the whole country no garden is so beautiful; none is so neatly arranged, and none so well cultivated.

Chloe. Yes, let us go.

Daphne. No shepherd understands so well as he the culture of plants: does any one, Chloe?

Chloe. O no!

Daphne. See how flourishing is every plant that either creeps on the ground or is supported by slender poles. Look yonder at the water that trickles from the rock and flows in a stream through the shade of the garden. On the rock whence the stream rushes he has planted a bower of woodbine; what a wide and lovely prospect it must command!

Chloe. Maiden! thou praisest with enthusiasm. Lovely is every object. More lovely is the garden of the brown Alexis than any other garden; more beautiful his flowers than any other flowers; no stream is so delightful as this; no water is so cool, so sweet.

Daphne. But thou art jesting, Chloe!

Chloe. O no! See here is a rose I have plucked: tell me is not its perfume sweeter than that of all other roses—delicious as if Cupid himself had reared it?

Daphne. Ah! be not so cruel.

Chloe. Well, but—suppress not that sigh which heaves thy bosom.

Daphne. Ah! thou art malicious; come, let us go.

Chloe. So suddenly. This place is so charming, I am so happy here!—But hush!—I hear a rustling: there, under the elder-bush, we shall not be discovered. Ha! look, it is he himself. Softly, whisper me, is he not also handsomer than any other swain?

Daphne. Ah! I will go.

Chloe. I shall not let thee. See; he muses, he sighs: some maiden has ensnared his heart. Thy hand trembles, Chloe! Be not afraid; here is no wolf.

Daphne. Let me, ah! let me go!

Chloe. Hush! listen.

The maidens stood concealed beneath the shade of the thick elder-bush, while Alexis, unconscious that he was overheard, began in harmonious accents the following song:

"Thou pale, silent moon, be witness to my sighs; and you, ye peaceful shades, how often have ye repeated Daphne's name! Ye flowers that diffuse your fragrance around me, the dew sparkles on your leaves as the tear of love glistens on my cheeks. O might I—might I tell her, that I love her, love her more than the bee loves the spring! I lately met her by the stream where she had filled a heavy pitcher with water. 'Let me carry that burthen too heavy for thee to my hut,' said I. 'How kind art thou!' she replied. Trembling I took the pitcher; and sighing, with my eyes fixed on the ground, I walked by Daphne's side, and durst not tell her that I love her, love her more than the bee loves the spring. How mournfully thou droopest at my breast, thou little narcissus! at noon thou wast fresh and blooming, and now thou art withered! Alas! thus shall I fade in my youth if Daphne disdains my love! Ah! if she rejects my love, then will you, ye flowers and plants, hitherto my delight, my most pleasing care—then will ye all unheeded wither; for me no joy will ever flourish more. Wild weeds will then choak you; rank thorn-bushes will cover you with their unwholesome

shade. Ye trees, that my hand has planted and that bear the sweetest fruit; despoiled of foliage and fruits your blighted trunks will rise a mournful spectacle amid the melancholy waste, and here—here will I languish away the remainder of my life. And when my ashes repose beneath this turf, mayst thou enjoy in fullest measure every bliss in the arms of a more deserving lover!—But no! wherefore do ye torment me, ye images of black despair? My hopes still flourish. She sweetly smiles whenever with lingering steps I pass by her. Seated on the hill I lately played on my pipe while she was passing through the neighboring meadow; she stood still. Scarcely had I perceived her when my lips and every finger trembled, and though I played so ill, yet still she paused and listened. O! if I should ever lead her as my bride to these shades, glow then, ye flowers, with brighter tints; diffuse around her your sweetest perfumes; then bend, ye trees, bend your shady branches and present her your sweetest fruits!"

Thus sang Alexis. Daphne sighed, and her hand trembled in that of her friend. But Chloe called to him: "Alexis, she loves thee! Here she is beneath the elder-bush; come and kiss from her cheeks the tears that love has made her shed." He timidly advanced; but I cannot describe his rapture, when Daphne, bashfully hiding her face in Chloe's bosom acknowledged that she loved him.

THE VOYAGE.*

It flies—the ship that Daphne bears
To distant shores away.
May gentlest zephyrs fan the fair,
And Cupids round her play!

About its sides ye rippling waves
In sportive cadence move;
With softest murmurs soothe her soul
To thoughts of me and love.

Ye warblers on the shadow'd shore,
For her pour forth your lays:
Fann'd by the gale, ye waving shrubs
To Daphne bow your sprays.

Calm be thy waves thou polish'd deep,
And hush'd each boist'rous wind;
For never to thy billowy arms
Was maid so fair consign'd:

* The reader, acquainted with the author in his native language, will alone be able to judge how far I have succeeded in the attempt to render this little piece into English verse. As it was my intention to retain as much as possible not only of the spirit but even of the form, I have given a translation as literal as possible, in the same measure and the same number of lines as the original; the only difference is, that the latter is blank verse. Notwithstanding the censures which have been of late years so abundantly lavished on the "jingle of rhyme," I must acknowledge myself to be old-fashioned enough to prefer it for light compositions like the present. It is not my intention to derogate an iota from the majesty of blank verse; nor should I wish to see *Paradise Lost* metamorphosed into rhyme, even were its illustrious author himself recalled to life to accomplish the task. T.

Pure as the sun's reflected orb
  Glows in thy crystal plain,
Beauteous as erst the queen of love
  Rose from the foam-white main.

The sea-gods on her unveil'd charms
  Enraptur'd gaz'd around,
Forgot their plashing sports, nor mark'd
  Their nymphs with sedges crown'd;

Nor eyes inflam'd with jealous rage,
  Nor scornful smiles they view'd;
Their eager looks her lovely form
  Alone to shore pursued.

THE CARNATION.

A CARNATION grows near the hedge in Daphne's garden. As she was walking there, she approached the carnation, and perceived one of its crimson-striped blossoms newly blown. Smiling, she raised the flower to her fair face and inhaled its sweet perfume; the carnation kissed her rosy lips. Warm blushes mounted to my cheeks. "O!" thought I, "might I but thus touch those sweet lips!" Daphne left the spot and I approached the hedge. "Shall I—shall I pluck the carnation which her lips have touched? its perfume would be more refreshing to me than the dew to the flowers." I eagerly stretched out my hand towards it. "No," said I, "shall I deprive her of the flower she loves? No; Daphne will place it in her bosom, and its fragrance will be diffused around her fair face, sweet as the perfumes which ascend to Olympus from sacrifices offered to the goddess of beauty."

DAPHNE AND MICON.

Daphne. TELL me, my beloved, wherefore is this little altar; to what divinity is it sacred?

Micon. To Love, my Daphne, to Love is this altar consecrated. Ah! how delightful 'tis to recline by this stream, where, thou rememberest, when we were little children, not higher than this columbine, we passed many happy hours in sweet, innocent sports. It is I who have consecrated this altar to Love; for on that spot (O sweet recollection!) love first sprang up in our bosoms.

Daphne. And, Micon! I will plant myrtles and roses around this altar, and if Pan protects them they shall over-arch it and form a little temple; for to me, also, my beloved! this remembrance is precious.

Micon. Dost thou recollect how we took the shells of gourds and filled them with cherries and strawberries and floated them like boats on the stream?

Daphne. O yes! And the shells of hazle-nuts, and the cups of acorns and the empty seed-heads of poppies were our play-things: we filled them with drops of milk or ate crumbs of bread and currants out of them.

Micon. Seest thou this thicket? Its branches are still arched, though now it is grown wild; that was our house, we arched it over as high as we could reach, yet it was so low that a young goat might have torn with his horns the highest part of the roof. We interwove branches and willow-twigs

for the walls, and a little wicket closed the entrance. Ah! how sweet was every hour we could steal to pass together in this place.

Daphne. Dost thou not remember that I planted a little garden before the house? a hedge of rushes surrounded it. A sheep might have eaten the whole of it in an instant.

Micon. Yes, I remember thou plantedst in it the smallest flowers thou couldst find in the meadows and in the plains.

Daphne. Thou wast ever ingenious, my beloved! Thou led'st a rill from the stream into our garden; the water passed through hollow reeds and fell into a basin which thou hadst cut in wood, and which, when quite full, would have afforded one good draught to a thirsty person. Look, yonder it lies yet in the stream.

Micon. Unblest is the house in which there are no children. Thou foundst a little broken image of Cupid, which thou nursedst with all the care and attention of a real mother. A walnut-shell was his bed, and on rose-leaves and flowers thou lulledst him to sleep.

Daphne. Ah! now he will reward us for our care.

Micon. I once made a little cage of rushes, and confining a grasshopper in it, gave it thee as a present. Thou tookst out the little animal to play with him. He struggled violently to escape, and left one of his legs between thy fingers. Trembling with pain he settled on a blade of grass. 'See, O see the poor insect! look how it trembles! what agony it is in! and I—I have caused thee all this pain!' Thou saidst, while tears of pity bedewed

thy cheeks. Ah! how was I delighted to see thee so tender.

Daphne. But still more tender wast thou, my beloved! when my brother had stolen two young birds from their nest. 'Give me the poor little birds,' saidst thou; but he refused. 'I will give thee this staff for the birds: see with what trouble and pains I have cut the brown bark, and left only a wreath of leaves to entwine the white stick.' The exchange was made and the birds were thine. Putting them gently into thy scrip, thou quickly climbedst the tree to return them to their nest. Tears of joy, my beloved! bedewed my cheeks. If I had not loved thee before, yet from that moment I should have loved thee.

Micon. Thus the days of our infancy were sweet as honey, when in our childish sports I was thy husband and thou my wife.

Daphne. I shall remember them as long as I live.

Micon. How happy, my beloved! will be our days, when in the coming moon (so thy mother has promised) Hymen shall convert into reality, what has hitherto been only the innocent sport of childhood.

Daphne. May the kind gods bless us my beloved; never were youthful lovers happier than we.

THE AUTUMNAL MORNING.

The early morning sun flamed behind the mountain and ushered in one of the most beautiful days of autumn, when Micon approached the window of his hut. The sun already darted his beams through

the purple-striped, green and yellow leaves of the vine, which waving in the mild morning breeze, arched over the window. Serene were the heavens; a misty sea rested on the valley, from which the highest hills projected like islands, with their smoking cottages and their variegated autumnal charms, glistening in the sun-beams; the yellow and purple of autumn tinged the foliage of the trees, laden with ripe fruits; a few still retained their verdure, forming all together the most pleasing mixture. With rapture he contemplated the wide-extended landscape, listened to the cheerful lowing of the herds, the sound of shepherds' pipes and the songs of the gay birds, that now chased each other through the clear air, and were now lost amid the clouds that overhung the valley. He long stood musing; but filled with holy inspiration, he seized his lyre and thus sang:

"Ye Gods! O that I could worthily express my rapture, my gratitude! All, all around me, blooms in ripened beauty, and blessings overflow the happy land; joy and loveliness reign around, and from the trees and the vines smiles the rich produce of the year. Beauteous, beauteous is the landscape decked in the autumn's loveliest garb.

"Happy is he whose pure mind is undisturbed by remorse, who contentedly enjoys the blessings bestowed on him, and does all the good that he is able. The bright morning wakes him to pleasure; the whole day to him is full of joy, and the shades of night softly enshroud him in peaceful slumbers. His cheerful mind is susceptible to every beauty, to every pleasure; he is transported by every blessing of nature, by each charm of the changing year.

The autumnal morning.

"But thrice happy is the man who shares his pleasures with a wife adorned with every grace and every virtue; a wife like thee, my beloved Daphne! Since Hymen united us, every pleasure is sweeter to me. Yes, since Hymen united us, our lives have been like two well-accorded pipes, that in soft tones play the same air; no discord interrupts the sweet harmony; and those who hear it are filled with joy. Have my eyes ever betrayed a wish that thou hast not fulfilled? Have I ever enjoyed a pleasure which has not been heightened by thy participation? Has any anxiety ever pursued me into thine arms, that has not been dispersed, like the mists of spring by the genial sun? Yes, when I led thee as my bride to my hut, all the delights of life accompanied thee: they united themselves to our friendly household divinities to depart from us no more. Courage and cheerfulness now attend me in every enterprize, and on all thy undertakings rests the blessing of the gods.

"Since thou—O since thou hast brought blessings on my hut, every object is adorned with tenfold charms. Prosperous is my hut and fruitful are my flocks and my fields. Cheerfully I perform my daily labor, and when I return weary to my humble dwelling, O how soothing is thy sweet assiduity to refresh me! Fairer is the spring to me, fairer the summer and the autumn: and when the storms of winter rage around our dwelling, I sit by thee at our fire, and amid industrious occupations and cheerful converse, I feel all the bliss of domestic felicity. By thy side the winds may roar and the driving snows enshroud all the beauties of nature;

I then feel more sensibly that thou art all the world to me.

"Ye lovely infants, adorned with all your mother's charms ye have completed my happiness! what felicity springs up for us in you. The first syllables she taught you to lisp, were, that you loved me. Health and joy glow on your cheeks, and mildness and affection already mingle with your infantine sports. Ye are the delight of our youth, and your happiness will once be the comfort of our age. When, on my return from the field or the flock, ye run with shouts of joy to meet me, cling round my knees, and receive with rapture the little presents I bring you of ripe fruits or little implements of gardening, which I make for you while I tend my flock to exercise your busy hands; O how delightful to me is your innocent transport! Enraptured I hasten into thy open arms, O Daphne! and with sweet smiles thou kissest the tears of pleasure from my cheeks."

Daphne now entered with a beautiful infant on either arm; she was fair as the dewy morning, and tears of joy glistened on her cheeks. "O, my beloved!" she exclaimed—"O how happy am I! We come to thank thee for all thy affection."

He now clasped them all three in his arms. They were silent; they only felt the full extent of their felicity; and whoever had seen them, would with deep emotion have acknowledged that the virtuous are happy.*

* Exclusive of the poetic merit of Gessner's Idyls, many of these pieces are rendered doubly interesting when it is known that either the individual sense of his domestic feli-

THE VOW.

HEALING, O nymphs! be the water of your stream with which I wash the blood from my wounded side. Mild and healing may it be, O ye nymphs of this stream! Nor discord, nor enmity has caused this blood to flow. Amyntas' son, seized by a wolf in the thicket, shrieked for assistance; I ran to the spot, and, thanks be to the gods! was in time to save him. While the wolf still struggled beneath my blows, with his sharp claws he wounded my side. Forgive me, ye nymphs! if I pollute your crystal stream with the blood that flowed from the wound! Early to-morrow will I offer to you on this bank a young kid white as the new-fallen snow.

THE ZEPHYRS.

First Zephyr. Why flutterest thou here so idly among the rose-bushes? Come, fly with me to the shadowy valley, where the nymphs are bathing in the crystal stream.

Second Zephyr. No, I shall not accompany thee.

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city or some particular circumstance of his life furnished him with the subject of them. To this number belongs "the Autumnal Morning." "O that morning," said the author with deep emotion to the Abbé Bertola, "that wife, those children—there—there they are! It was a picture of ourselves that I delineated. It was my family that inspired me; it was their happiness and my own that I described." Nor was Bertola the only one of his friends to whom he has been known to express himself in similar terms. T.

Davis, del. Worthington, sc.

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The zephyrs.

Fly to the stream and fan thy nymphs; a sweeter office is mine. I bathe my wings in the dew of roses and collect fragrant perfumes.

First Zephyr. What is then thy employment which is sweeter than to mingle in the sports of sprightly nymphs?

Second Zephyr. A maiden will soon pass along that path, beauteous as the youngest of the Graces. At each morning's dawn, she repairs, with a replenished basket, to yon hut that stands on the hill; see, the first beams of the sun gild its mossy roof. There dwells a female, pious, but afflicted with poverty and sickness; two innocent infants would weep hungry by her bed, did not Daphne afford them daily relief and consolation. She will soon return, her beauteous cheeks glowing with pleasure and tears in her lovely eyes—tears of sympathy and of the sweet pleasure of relieving the unfortunate. Here I wait, here in this rose-bush, till I perceive her coming; laden with fragrant perfumes and bathed in dew I fly to meet her, fan her cheeks and kiss the pearly drops from her eyes. This, this is my sweet employ.

First Zephyr. Thou hast moved me. How delightful is thy occupation! With thee I will bathe my wings, and collect perfumes, and with thee I will fly to meet her when she comes. But, see!—yonder she comes from beneath the willows; she is beauteous as the morning; innocence smiles on her cheeks and every gesture is full of sweetness. Here—here she is!—expand thy wings—never have mine fanned such a beauteous maiden.

MYCON.

MILON and I were travelling from Miletus to offer sacrifices to Apollo. We already discerned at a distance the hill on which the temple, supported by glistening columns, towers aloft into the blue air, above the surrounding laurel grove. Beyond it, farther than the eye could reach, the sea sparkled on our sight. It was noon; the sand burned our feet, and the sun our heads; his beams were exactly vertical, so that the locks which hung over our brows cast a shadow upon the whole face. The panting lizard crept among the fern that bordered the way, and the cricket and the grasshopper chirped under the shadow of the withered grass. Clouds of burning dust ascended at every step, inflamed our eyes and settled on our parched lips. Faintly we passed along, but the sight of a thick grove before us close to the road, encouraged us to quicken our steps: black as night was the shade beneath it. With mingled awe and rapture we entered under the refreshing shadow. The trees inclosed a large basin, into which a cool and crystal stream discharged its waters. The boughs laden with ripe apples and pears drooped over it, and between the trunks of the trees waved fruit-bearing shrubs. But the stream issued from the foot of a monument entwined by the slender woodbine and creeping ivy. "Gods!" I exclaimed, "how lovely and refreshing is this spot! Blessed be the benevolent man who planted this shade; perhaps his ashes rest here." "There," said Milon, "there,

on the front of the monument, I perceive, between the thick branches of the honeysuckle, some characters engraved; perhaps they will inform us who it was that thus provided for the refreshment of the traveller." Raising the boughs with his staff, he read this inscription:

"Here rest the ashes of Mycon, whose life was a series of benevolence. Desirous of doing good even after his death, he led hither this stream and planted these trees."

"Blessed be thine ashes, thou virtuous man!" I exclaimed, "and blessed be those whom thou hast left behind thee!" Some one now advanced from among the trees. It was a woman, young and beautiful; her figure was tall and majestic. She bore a vase in her arms and advanced to the fountain. "Welcome to these shades," said she, with the sweetest benignity, "you are strangers, fatigued perhaps with the length of the way and the scorching heat of the sun. Tell me, do ye need any thing for your refreshment that ye find not here?"

"Welcome," we replied, "benevolent woman! We require no other refreshment; sweet is the relief afforded us by this shade and this stream and these fruits. We are filled with veneration for the virtuous man whose ashes repose here, and who has so richly provided for the wants of the traveller. Thou art of this country; thou hast perhaps known the man; tell us, while we repose beneath this sacred shade, tell us who he was."

The woman now placed her vase at the foot of the monument, and reclining against it, with a friendly smile replied:

Mycon.

" His name was Mycon—a man who honored the gods and whose sweetest pleasure it was to do good to others. In the whole country there is not a shepherd who does not love and revere his memory, who does not with tears of gratitude relate some instance of his virtue and generosity. For my part, I owe to him that I am the happiest of women —(tears of joy started into her eyes)—the wife of his son. My father died, leaving my mother and me a prey to indigence and sorrow. We lived in the deepest retirement, supported by the labor of our hands; virtue and piety were our only riches. Two goats supplied us with milk, and a little orchard afforded us fruit. Not long did we enjoy this tranquillity; my mother also died and I was left helpless and forlorn. But Mycon took me to his house; he entrusted me with his domestic concerns, and was to me more a father than a master. His son, the best and loveliest shepherd in the whole country, observed my attentive industry and my anxious desire to merit his father's goodness; he saw it and loved me and disclosed to me his passion. The sentiments of delight I experienced, I durst not confess even to my own heart. ' O Damon! Damon!' said I; ' forget thy love; I am poor and happy to be but a handmaid in thine house.' 'Twas thus I continually urged him, but he forgot not his love. One morning, while I was employed in preparing the wool of the flocks for spinning, Mycon entered and seated himself beside me, in the sun-shine. He long regarded me with a benevolent smile: ' Child!' he at length said, ' thy virtue, thy industry, thy whole conduct delight me. Thou art the best of maidens, and by the

blessing of the gods, I will make thee happy!' 'Can I, my dearest master! can I be more happy than when I deserve thy favors?' I replied, while tears of gratitude overflowed my eyes. 'Child!' said he, 'I wish to honor the memory of thy father and mother; I wish in my old age to see my son and thee happy. He loves thee; canst thou, tell me, canst thou be happy in his love?' My work fell from my hands; trembling, blushing I stood before him. He took my hand: 'And canst thou,' said he, 'canst thou be happy in his love?' I fell at his feet, and with silent extacy pressed his hand to my moistened cheek: from that day I have been the happiest of women." She paused and wiped her eyes. "Such," she continued, "was the man whose ashes rest here. But perhaps you may still desire to know why he planted these trees and led hither this stream; I will tell you.

"Towards the conclusion of his life, he often walked out, and seating himself by the pathway, kindly greeted the traveller and offered refreshment to the weary and indigent. 'And if,' said he, 'I were to plant here a refreshing shade of fruit-trees, and lead beneath them a cool stream, as there is neither shade nor fountain far around, I should provide refreshment, long after I shall be no more, to the weary traveller, fainting under the scorching heat.' He said and conducted hither his purest stream, and planted around it trees whose fruits ripen at different seasons of the year. When the work was finished he went to the temple of Apollo, and offering sacrifices, thus prayed: 'Grant that the trees I have planted may flourish; so may the

pious man, repairing from distant parts to thy temple, refresh himself beneath their cool shade!'

"The God graciously listened to his prayer. The following morning he awoke early, and looked from the window towards the road. On the spot where he had planted the young trees, he beheld a lofty grove. 'Gods!' he exclaimed 'what do I see. Tell me, children! do my eyes deceive me? Instead of the saplings I planted yesterday I see a grove of tall trees!' Filled with awe and admiration we hastened to the place; we beheld the full-grown trees extending their strong arms far around, or bending beneath the weight of ripe fruits to the flowery grass. 'O wonderful!' exclaimed the old man, 'shall I, even in my hoary age, yet walk in these shades?' And we returned thanks and offered sacrifices to the god who had thus graciously granted even more than he had wished. But, alas! not long did he walk in these shades: he died, and we interred him here, that whoever reposes beneath these trees may thankfully bless his ashes."

She was silent. We blessed with emotion the ashes of the virtuous man. "Sweetly have the stream and the shade refreshed us, but still more pleasing is the narrative thou hast so kindly related. May the gods preserve thee!" We said, and full of virtuous sentiments we pursued our way to the temple of Apollo.

THYRSIS.

"In vain, ye gentle nymphs (thus Thyrsis poured forth his lamentations,) for me in vain a refresh-

ing coolness reigns in these shades, through which your streams rush beneath the over-arching bushes. I faint, I languish, like the traveller under the scorching noon-tide sun. Seated at the foot of the little hill on which stands Chloe's cottage, I played to Echo one of my sweetest strains. The hill is crowned with an orchard which she cultivates herself, and near me murmured the stream that winds through it, on whose flowery banks she often slumbers, or cools her hands and her cheeks. Suddenly I heard the latch raised which closes the garden-gate. She came out; a gentle breeze wantoned in her flaxen hair and played with her light robe. O how beautiful, how beautiful was she! In her hand she bore a basket full of glowing fruit; and with the other, modest even where she had not reason to suspect any witness near—she held her robe over her youthful bosom, which the zephyrs in their wanton sport would have unveiled; but clinging round her slender waist and her knees, it fluttered in loose folds behind her. Thus she passed along the hill. But two apples fell out of her basket and rolled down the hill, to my feet, as if Cupid himself had directed their course. I took them from the earth, pressed them to my lips, and carried them up the hill to restore them to the maiden. My hand trembled; I attempted to speak, but could utter only a sigh. Chloe stood with downcast eyes; soft crimson tinged her beauteous cheeks; with a friendly smile and a deeper flush, she presented me the apples. We now both stood confused—O what were my sensations at that moment! She then with soft step returned towards her cottage. My eyes stedfastly pursued her; as she

entered, she cast one kind and lingering look behind her; and when she disappeared my eyes remained rivetted on the door. At length I departed, and my knees trembled as I descended the hill. O be propitious, gentle Cupid! the sensations I have since experienced will never be erased from my heart!

TO CUPID.*

Ah Cupid, gentle Cupid!
On May's first balmy morn,
To thee I rear'd this altar,
Beneath the blossom'd thorn.

Did I not plant these myrtles
And roses round thy shrine;
And for thee ev'ry morning
A dewy wreath entwine?

Alas! how vain my efforts
Thy favor to obtain!
The chilling blasts of winter
Now sweep the ravag'd plain;

And Phillis, cruel Phillis,
Is coy as on the morn,
When first I rear'd this altar,
Beneath the blossom'd thorn.

DAPHNIS.

In the still night Daphnis had stolen to his maiden's cottage; for love had rendered him sleepless.

* The measure of the original has been retained; but on account of the rhyme I found myself under the necessity of extending the translation to sixteen lines instead of confining it to fourteen. T.

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Daphnis.

The brightly glistening stars were thickly sown over the whole concave of heaven; the moon darted her mild beams through the dark shade of the trees; silence reigned over the dusky landscape, every labor had ceased, and every light was extinguished. Gleams of moon-light only danced on the murmuring stream, or here and there a glow-worm sparkled amid the darkness. Daphnis seated himself opposite to the cottage in melancholy transport, and fixed his eyes on the window of the chamber in which his maiden slept. It was half open to the cool breeze and to the moon's mild beam. In soft accents he began the following song:

"Sweet be thy slumbers, my beloved! refreshing as the dews of morning. Softly and peacefully mayst thou rest like the pearly dew-drop in the lily's bosom, when not a breeze agitates the slender flowers; for ought not tranquil slumbers to accompany innocence pure as thine? May only pleasing dreams hover o'er thee! Descend ye pleasing visions, on the beams of the moon descend around her! Present to her fancy blooming plains enamelled with snow-white flocks; let her hear the notes of soft pipes, sweet as when Apollo plays, resounding through the solitary vale. Or let her imagine that she is bathing in a pure stream, while myrtles and rose-bushes arch over her, unseen, save by the little birds that warble from every spray. Let her fancy that she is sporting among the Graces, who own her for their sister, and in whose company she gathers flowers in the most enchanting meads: the garlands she weaves belong to the Graces, and those which they entwine are for her.

Or let her wander beneath shady trees, among the sweetest flowers, while little love-gods, swarming like bees, wanton around her : ten of them fly to meet her, supporting a fragrant apple ; another group bring one of the vine's purple clusters, and some hovering over the flowers fan their balmy odors around her. Then, from the shady grove let Cupid himself approach her, without his bow and arrows, that she may not be alarmed ; but, adorned with all his charms, with all his graces. Let my image also appear to her; languishing, and with downcast eyes let me stand before her, and blushing confess, in accents interrupted by sighs, that I love her. Never have I yet ventured to disclose to her my passion. At this dream, may a sigh heave her bosom ! may a sweet smile and a soft blush overspread her cheeks as she sleeps! O! that I were fair as Apollo when he tended his flocks ; that my songs were sweet as the strains of the nightingale, that every virtue adorned me to make me worthy of her love!"

So sang Daphnis, and returned through the moon-light to his hut; dreams of fond hope sweetened the remaining hours of night. Early in the morning he drove his flock over the hill, on which stood the cottage of his beloved. His sheep passed slowly on, and browzed on each side of the way. "Graze on ye sheep, ye lambs; no where will ye find sweeter pasture. A more luxuriant vegetation covers every spot on which she casts her eyes; where she walks flowers spring up under her feet." Thus he spoke, and his maiden appeared at the window The first beams of the morning sun shone on her fair face ; he saw plainly that a smile play-

ed on her lips as she looked at him, and that a deeper crimson flushed her cheeks. Slowly, and with a beating heart he passed by: she kindly saluted him; her eyes full of tenderness pursued him, for she had heard his nocturnal song.

THYRSIS AND MENALCAS.

Thyrsis. In the little marble temple I made a vow to Cupid. In the myrtle grove that surrounds it, I suspended a neat, new basket, with a fresh garland and my best pipe. "O gentle Cupid!" I prayed, be propitious to my love." To-day as I passed the little temple, I entered the myrtle grove to look at my basket; and guess, guess what I saw there! A little bird was perched on the edge of the basket and sung. As I approached, he flew away; I looked into the basket and saw a well-built nest and little eggs in it; and the hen cowered over them and looked at me, as if she would have said: "Disturb not, young shepherd! O disturb not the little family!" The other bird in the mean time fluttered about my brow and my hair. I retired, and he immediately returned to the edge of the basket: in sprightly notes they expressed their joy, and he poured forth his sweetest strain. Now tell me, dear Menalcas! thou who canst explain every omen, tell me what does this presage?

Menalcas. Thou and thy maiden will dwell together in happiness, and fruitful will be your love.

Thyrsis. By the gods! I thought so; but I wished to hear the decision of thy wisdom. See, this young kid I give to thee, and this flask of honey, sweet as my maiden's lips, and pure as the air.

He said, and leaped for joy like a young goat in the dews of May.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE was beautiful and poor: she was educated in the precepts of virtue by a mother, of whom death too early deprived her. She was now the servant of Mycon; he cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene, and Daphne tended his flocks. She once went with tears in her eyes to the silent grave of her mother, poured out a cup of water and hung garlands on the slender sprays of the shrubs she had planted round it. Then, seating herself by the grave, she wept and said: "O precious remembrance of thy virtue, of thy piety, my beloved mother! thou hast preserved my innocence. Could I ever forget the injunctions which, with a tranquil smile, thou gavest me, and sinking on my bosom expiredst; could I ever forget thy virtues—O then may the gracious gods forget me, may I die in misery, and thy sacred shade refuse to receive me. Beloved mother! thou hast preserved my innocence. All, yes all will I tell to thy dear shade; forlorn as I am, I have alas! none else to whom I can confide the secrets of my heart. Nicias, the master of Mycon, whose flocks I tend came hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me, and treated me with kindness; he praised my flocks and commended my care; he told me I was handsome and made me presents. Simple maiden that I was—but how little do we know that live in the country!—'How kind,' thought I 'is our master! may the gods bless him for his

goodness; I will pray to them for him, that is all I can do. How happy and how favored by the gods are the rich; yet they deserve it, if they are benevolent as he.' Thus I thought, and suffered him to clasp my hand, and blushed, and durst not look up when he placed a ring of gold on my finger. 'See, that little winged boy on this stone; 'tis he who will make thee happy,' said he, softly touching my glowing cheeks with his hand.—'He feels for thee the affection of a father?' thought I within myself. 'How hast thou deserved such kindness from a rich and powerful lord?' Simple girl that I was! how, O how was I deceived! Early this morning he found me in the garden; and gently caressing me, he said: 'Bring me some new-blown flowers, that I may refresh myself with their perfumes in yon myrtle bower.' With joyful assiduity I culled the fairest flowers, and ran with eager haste to the bower. 'Thou art light as a zephyr,' said he, 'and fairer than the goddess of flowers,' and, O gods! I shudder still—he drew me on his knee, pressed me to his bosom, and all the promises that can seduce, all the tender and impassioned language of love flowed from his lips. I wept, I trembled, and in one moment had been too weak to resist his arts, had now been alas! thy wretched—no longer thy innocent child. 'O!' thought I, 'had thy virtuous mother seen thee basely suffer these impure caresses!' I started from him and fled. Now I am come, my beloved mother! I am come to weep on thy grave. Alas! unhappy child that I was, to lose thee so early: I resemble a tender flower which has lost the prop that supported it. This cup of water I pour to thy vir-

tuous shade: accept these wreaths, accept my tears; may, O may they penetrate to thy remains. And hear me! hear me, my beloved mother, whose ashes repose beneath these flowers watered by my tears, to thy holy shade I repeat this vow: Virtue and innocence, and the fear of the gods, shall constitute the happiness of my life. If I am poor, I will be contented and virtuous, and I will do nothing that, thou wouldst not with a tender smile have approved. Then like thee I shall be beloved by gods and men; like thee I shall once expire with tranquil smiles and tears of joy."

She now left the sacred spot. Sweet emotions of virtue pervaded her soul and beamed in her tear-bedewed eyes. She was fair as the spring day, when the sun shines through the soft, falling shower. She was returning cheerfully to her work, when Nicias met her. "Maiden!" said he, while tears trickled down his cheeks; "I listened to thy lamentations over thy mother's grave. Fear not, fair maiden! thanks to the gods and thy virtue, thou hast saved me from the guilt of having seduced thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste maiden! and fear no repetition of my offence: my virtue has extinguished the guilty flame. Be chaste, be virtuous, but be also happy! The shady meadow by thy mother's grave, and the half of the flock thou tendest, be thine. May a lover, virtuous as thyself complete the felicity of thy life. Weep not, sweet maid! accept the gifts that with a pure heart I offer thee, and suffer me still farther to provide for thy happiness; or remorse for having injured thy virtue will embitter my future life.

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Forget, O forget my crime! Thou, like a good divinity, hast preserved me from destruction."*

THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen Daphne! perhaps, O perhaps, I had been more happy if I had not seen her! never did she look so beautiful. Sheltered from the burning beams of noon, I lay under the dark shade of the willows, beside the cool stream, yonder where it murmurs over the stones. In the shade of the willows which arched over me and over the cool stream, I softly reposed; but alas! from that moment I have never known peace or rest. I heard a rustling near me in the thicket; and Daphne—Daphne advanced through the embowering foliage to the brink of the stream. Timidly drawing up the blue robe that covered her small and delicate feet, she stepped into the crystal current. She stooped, and with her right hand washed her charming face; with the left she held her robe that it might not be wetted by the stream. At length pausing, she waited till not a drop fell from

* I know not how far my opinion may coincide with that of more competent judges; but I cannot help considering the address of Daphne to the departed spirit of her mother, to be as pathetic a passage as any contained in our author's works. The commencement and the conclusion, in particular, seem capable of exciting the dormant sensibility of any but the most unfeeling heart. To those who agree with me, the sudden alteration in the conduct of Nicias, whose bosom was not hardened to virtuous impressions, will appear neither too precipitate, nor in the least degree unnatural. T.

her hand to ruffle the surface of the water. It was smooth, and every charm was reflected in native loveliness. She smiled at her beauty, and arranging the tresses of her golden hair, formed them into a graceful knot. "For whom," I sighed, "for whom are all these pains? Whom, ah! whom does she seek to please? For the sake of what happy being does she see, with a smile of satisfaction, that she is so lovely?" While thus she stood bending over the stream, her nosegay fell from her bosom into the water, and was borne by the current to the place where I lay. I seized it, kissed it, and would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! it fades; the nosegay withers, which only two days since I caught from the stream. Ah! how I cherished it! I placed it in the goblet which I won in the spring as the prize of song. Cupid is represented upon it in a bower of honeysuckle; smiling he tries the sharpness of his arrows with the tip of his finger, and two doves are billing before him. Three times each day I poured fresh water to the flowers, and at night I placed them at my window in the dew. I then stood before them and inhaled their balmy perfumes. Sweeter were their odors, more glowing their colors, than those of all the flowers of spring; for, O! they bloomed in her bosom! I stood musing before the cup. Yes, Cupid, I sighed, thy arrows are sharp; deeply—O how deeply I feel their wounds. O inspire Daphne's bosom with but half the passion for me; then will I consecrate this goblet to thee! It shall stand on a little altar, each morning will I entwine it with a garland of fresh flowers, and in winter with a myrtle wreath. O may ye, gentle doves! may

ye be an emblem of my future bliss! But alas! the flowers wither, and all my cares are vain; mournfully they droop their heads over the rim of the cup; they no longer exhale perfumes; their leaves fall. O Cupid! let not their withering be an unfavorable omen for my love!

DAPHNIS AND MICON.

Daphnis. See, the ram is wading yonder into the marsh, and the sheep are following him. Unwholesome plants grow there among the slime, and insects swarm in the stagnant water. Come, let us drive them back.

Micon. The silly animals! Here is clover and rosemary and wild thyme, and every tree is entwined with ivy; yet they prefer the marsh. But we ourselves often do the same; we pass by what is good and chuse what is hurtful for us.

Daphnis. See, how he wades! the frogs leap away before him from among the reeds. Back, ye simpletons! to the grassy bank; how ye soil your white fleeces!

Micon. Now you are safe; here ye may feed. But tell me, Daphnis, what is it I see yonder? Marble columns are lying amid the marsh; rushes and rank weeds wave over them. See, yonder is a ruined arch, completely overgrown with ivy, and thorns spring up from every chasm.

Daphnis. It was a tomb.

Micon. Yes, now I perceive the urn lying yonder in the mud. Figures seem to rise from its sides; fierce warriors and furious steeds; see how they trample with their hoofs the wounded men extended

on the earth. He could not have been a shepherd, whose scattered ashes were inclosed by such melancholy images; nor could he have been beloved by the country, whose monument is thus suffered to fall to decay. Posterity must have paid but little honor to his memory, and have strewed but few flowers over his grave.

Daphnis. He was a monster. He laid waste fertile fields, and made slaves of freemen. The horses of his warriors trampled down the springing corn, and he strewed the desolate fields with the dead bodies of our forefathers. As raging wolves surprize the flocks, so with his armed hosts he fell upon the innocent who had never injured him. In his wickedness he fancied himself great; he revelled in marble palaces and rioted in the spoils of unhappy countries,* and he himself erected this monument of his wickedness.

Micon. Gods! he was indeed a monster: but what folly! to erect a monument of his crimes to perpetuate them to distant ages; that those who pass by the spot, may not forget to curse his memory. His monument is now in ruins, and his ashes are scattered over the marsh, while reptiles breed in the mud that half fills the urn. It is ridiculous to see that young frog sitting on the helm of the mighty hero, and the snail crawling up his threatening sword.

* Were it not intended to avoid all political allusions as much as possible in this collection it might be observed what a striking coincidence exists between almost every trait of the character here delineated, and those of the man who, at the present moment, occupies such a large portion of the attention of the civilized world. T.

Daphnis. What now remains of his guilty greatness? Nothing but the melancholy remembrance of his crimes while the furies torment his shade.

Micon. And none, none breathes for him a pious prayer. Gods! how wretched is he, whose life is sullied with crimes. Even after his death, his memory is held in abhorrence. No; could I with one crime purchase the whole world, rather, much rather would I tend but two goats and possess a conscience unstained by guilt. One of them I would sacrifice to the gods and thank them for my happiness. The wicked, even if he possessed the world, would not be happy.

Daphnis. Let us leave this spot which excites none but gloomy and melancholy ideas. Come with me, I will shew thee a more pleasing monument, that of a virtuous man; my father erected it for himself. Do thou, Alexis, in the mean time tend the sheep and the goats.

Micon. I will accompany thee with pleasure, to pay a tribute to the memory of thy father, whose virtues are yet revered by all the country round.

Daphnis. Here, friend! take this path-way through the meadow, here past that hop-crowned image of the God Terminus.*

They pursued their way. To the right of the narrow path was a meadow, in which the grass

* Terminus, among the Romans was the deity who presided over the stones or land-marks called *Termini* which marked the boundaries of the possessions of different individuals. These were held so sacred that to move them was accounted sacrilege. The worship of the God Terminus was instituted by Numa Pompilius, who erected a temple to him on the Tarpeian mount. T.

reached as high as their waists; to the left was a corn-field, whose ears waved over their heads. The path led them into the peaceful shade of fruit-trees that surrounded a convenient cottage. In this delightful spot Daphnis placed a small table, and brought a basket full of fruit and a pitcher of cool wine.

Micon. Tell me, where is the monument of thy father, that I may pour the first cup of this wine as a libation to his virtuous spirit?

Daphnis. Here, my friend! pour it beneath this peaceful shade. What thou here seest around thee is a monument of his virtues. The ground was desolate; his industry cultivated these fields, and his hand planted these shady fruit-trees. We, his children, our latest posterity, and all those whom we relieve out of our abundance shall bless his memory: for the blessings of the virtuous rest on these fields and these meadows, amid these peaceful shades and upon us.

Micon. Thou virtuous man, be this libation sacred to thy memory! This is indeed a worthy monument, which affords comfort and affluence to deserving posterity, and dispenses blessings even after the death of him who reared it.

DAPHNE AND CHLOE.

Daphne. It is yet sultry, though the sun is already setting; all the plants still bow their languid heads. Let us go down to the stream where the little waves break against the bank. It is cool there beneath the overhanging foliage.

Chloe. Go, maiden! I will follow thee! go far-

ther before, or the boughs will strike me in the face.

Daphne. How clear is this stream! thou mayst see every pebble at the bottom. How softly, how gently it flows! By the nymphs! I will throw my garments on the shore, and plunge up to the bosom in its cool waves.

Chloe. If any one should come—if any one should see us!

Daphne. No foot-path leads to this bank; we are entirely surrounded by the tufted thicket, and the apple-tree which droops over the stream covers us with its embowering foliage. Inclosed in this grotto of verdure we shall be concealed from every eye. See, the foliage only opens here and there to a little sun-beam and suddenly closes again.

Chloe. Well, Daphne! if thou wilt venture, I will.

The maidens threw their garments on the bank, and with timid step entered the cool stream; the dancing waves embraced their round knees, and played about their snowy waists, as they seated themselves on some stones that lay under the water near the bank.

Daphne. I feel quite refreshed and revived. What shall we do? Shall we sing a song?

Chloe. Sing, simpleton!—that they may hear us from the shore?

Daphne. We will only whisper then. Tell me some story.

Chloe. A story?

Daphne. Yes, some nice, little secret; tell me one first and then I will tell thee another.

Chloe. I know one, a very pretty one, but ——.

Daphne. I am silent as these bushes.

Chloe. Well then, I was lately driving my flock down the hill to the meadow that extends to the sea-shore. A tall cherry-tree, thou knowest, stands half way up the hill. As I—but am I not foolish? I am telling thee my greatest secret.

Daphne. I will tell thee mine in return.

Chloe. Well: as I was going down the lonely path, I heard all at once a lovely voice singing the sweetest song. I paused and timidly looked round, but could discover not a creature. I walked on, and the voice seemed to be every moment nearer. At length it sounded behind me, for I had passed the cherry-tree, from whose shady summit the sweet voice proceeded. But what it sang, I dare not tell thee, though I remember every syllable.

Daphne. Thou must tell me. Here in these silent shades we have no secrets; and besides maidens always tell each other their secrets when they bathe.

Chloe. I will then: yet how shall I forbear blushing to repeat my own praises.—But young shepherds thou knowest, are always extravagant in their commendations of us. As I descended the hill—I feel the color mount into my cheeks—"Who is she whose graceful form descends the hill?"—thus the song began. "Tell me, ye gentle zephyrs who play with her hair and her flowing robe. Who is she? Is it one of the Graces? If so, she must be the youngest and the most beautiful. Fragrant thyme and the yellow stalks of the clover bend beneath her light steps. How the glowing poppy, the azure hare-bell and the dandelion that border the pathway bow to kiss her delicate feet!

Those which have kissed thy feet and those thy steps have pressed, will I gather; I will entwine two garlands, one for my hair and the other will I consecrate to Cupid. How her dark eyes glance around! O be not alarmed; I am not a bird of prey; nor one whose note betokens mischance. O that I could detain thee with strains, sweet as those of the linnet or the nightingale in the serene evenings of spring; for not so delightful is spring to the nightingale as is thy beauty to me. Hasten not so timidly away! Ye thorns recede before her and wound not her tender feet! Or only catch her flowing robe that the sweet maiden may be detained a little longer in my sight. But she hastens away; the soft western breezes, favoring my wishes, oppose her course; her robe only floats behind her; thee, timid maiden, thee they cannot keep back. The fairest fruits which this tree affords, I will collect in a little basket and suspend by moon-light at thy window. If thou deignst to accept my present, then, ah! then I shall be the happiest of shepherds. Thou art hastening away. Alas! now will those trees conceal thee from my eyes. I still see the last folds of thy fluttering robe; but now alas! now the extremity of thy shadow vanishes from my sight."

Thus sang the voice. With downcast eyes I passed on; yet I stole one glance at the summit of the tree, but could perceive no one among the leafy boughs. Thou mayst believe that when night came, I was unable to sleep. I saw—the moonbeams fell upon him—I saw a young shepherd, binding a basket to my window. The moon shone bright and threw his shadow beside me on the bed,

so that I could not forbear blushing; and as soon as he had stolen away—only to convince myself that it was not a dream—I went to the window and untied the basket. It was full of the most delicious cherries—the sweetest that I ever tasted; and he had strewed rose-buds and myrtle leaves among them. But who the shepherd was, inquisitive maiden! that I shall not tell thee for the world.

Daphne. I have not asked thee to tell me, mysterious as thou art. Thou needest not tell me that it was my brother, for the basket he fixed at thy window was my present. Thou art red as the rose-buds, from where the waves play over thy bosom, to the locks that shade thy brow, and thine eyes are fixed on the water. Embrace me, Chloe! love me, and for my sake be kind to my brother.

Chloe. Should I have confided to thee my greatest secret did I not love thee as myself?

Daphne. That thou mayst not repent thy confidence, I will be equally sincere, and will tell thee the secret that lies nearest to my heart. The last new moon, my father offered a sacrifice to Pan; he invited his friend Menalcas to the festival, and Daphnis, his son, accompanied him. He played during the sacrifice on a double pipe, and thou knowest that no shepherd can play so well. His golden locks floated over his snow-white garment, and, thus arrayed for the festival, he was fair as the youthful Apollo. After the sacrifice we went to pass the remainder of the day in —— But hark! a rustling in the thicket—some one is approaching.

Chloe. Hark! it comes nearer and nearer. Ye nymphs, protect us! Quick, let us throw our garments over our shoulders and flee!

The timid maidens fled like doves, when the towering falcon pounces from the aërial height. But the cause of their alarm was only a young doe that came to quench its thirst at the stream.

MENALCAS AND ALEXIS.

MENALCAS was an old man; eighty years had passed over his head; his hair and beard were silver white, and a staff supported his faltering steps. As the laborer, who has toiled through the long summer's day, sits delighted in the cool of the evening, returns thanks to the gods and awaits the peaceful hours of sleep—so were his remaining days devoted to the service of the gods and to repose: in the pleasing recollection of a well-spent life he expected with cheerfulness and resignation the slumber of the tomb. He saw his children happy: he had given to them rich flocks and fertile meadows. With tender assiduity, they vied with each other who should most contribute to the pleasures of their virtuous parent, who should best repay his care of their youth; and filial piety never passes unrewarded by the gods. He often seated himself before his cottage or in the sunny porch, where he could survey his well-cultivated garden, or contemplate the labors and the riches of the fields that were lost in the remote distance: or with friendly garrulity he conversed with the passenger, listened to the news of the neighborhood, or learned from the stranger the manners and customs of foreign lands. His children's children, his sweetest amusement, sported around him; he adjusted their little quarrels; he instructed them in the duties of

benevolence and compassion to men and even to the smallest animals; and in the various sports which he taught them, he always mingled some excellent lesson. He himself made their playthings; they continually came running to him with their requests—"Make us this, and make us that"—and when he had finished, they kissed him and danced around him with shouts of joy. He taught them to make flutes and shepherds' pipes of reeds, and instructed them how to call the sheep and goats to the pasture and the fold. He taught them many songs, which the younger children sang, while the elder accompanied them with their pipes; or he related instructive stories, while in mute attention they were seated around him on the earth or on the threshold.

One day he was sitting in the sunny porch, alone with his grandson Alexis, a handsome boy, who had now seen thirteen springs; the roses of youth and health glowed on his cheeks, and his hair waved in golden ringlets. The old man was describing to him the pleasure that results from doing good to others and from relieving the distressed. "The mild majesty of the rising sun, the glowing radiance of evening, the soft beams of the full moon in a serene night, swell our bosoms with rapture; but sweeter, my son, far sweeter is the pleasure we receive from the recollection of a benevolent deed." Tears trickled down the cheeks of the lovely boy; the old man beheld them with delight. "Thou weepest, my son!" said he, fixing on him his eyes beaming with affection; but surely my words alone could not have moved thee thus; in

thy own bosom there must be something that has given them this force."

Alexis wiped the tears from his rosy cheeks, but again his eyes overflowed. "Yes," said he, "I feel, sensibly feel, that nothing is so sweet as to do good to others."

Menalcas, moved by his manner, pressed the youth's hand between his. "I read," said he, "on thy brow and in thine eyes, that something more than my words affects thee."

The youth, confused, fixed his eyes on the ground. "Are not thy words," said he, "moving enough to make tears like drops of dew trickle down my cheeks?"

"I see, my son!" said Menalcas; "I see that, for the first time, perhaps, thou concealest from me something that heaves thy bosom and already trembles on thy tongue."

Alexis wept, and said: "O! I will tell thee all that I have yet concealed in the inmost recesses of my heart. Thou hast taught us that he is but half virtuous who boasts of his good actions; and for that reason I wished to conceal what heaves my bosom, what so sweetly convinces me that to do good is the highest delight of life. One of our sheep had strayed, and as I sought it among the hills, I heard the voice of lamentation. I softly advanced towards the place whence it proceeded and observed a man, who lifted a heavy burden from his shoulder and laid it on the parched ground. 'No,' said he, 'I am not able to proceed another step. Wretched is my life, and all I can earn procures but a miserable subsistence; for hours have I already wandered with this burden in the

mid-day sun, and can find no stream to allay my burning thirst, not a tree or a bush whose fruit might refresh me. O gods! I see nothing but a wilderness around me; no foot-path to conduct me to my home, and my trembling limbs can no longer support me. But, ye gods! I will not murmur; for ye have ever assisted me!' He said, and sank exhausted beside his burthen. Unperceived by him, I ran as fast as I could to our cottage; hastily filling a basket with dried and fresh fruits, and my largest flaggon with milk, I ran back with all possible speed to the hills. I found the man still there, but sunk into a profound and refreshing slumber. Softly, softly I stole to the spot, placed my basket and flaggon of milk beside him and gently crept back behind the bushes. The man soon awoke. He looked at his burden and exclaimed: 'How sweet and refreshing is sleep! Thou hast served me for a soft pillow, and now I will try to carry thee a little farther. Perhaps the gracious gods will guide my steps to the banks of some murmuring stream; perhaps I may find a hut whose benevolent owner will receive me under his roof.' He was now preparing to lift the burden on his shoulders, when he perceived the flaggon and the basket. The load dropped from his arms! 'Gods!' he exclaimed; 'what do I see? Ah! hungry wretch, I am dreaming of food, and I shall only awake to disappointment. But no! I wake, I wake!' He now extended his hand to the fruit. 'O what deity, what beneficent deity has performed this wonder? The first drops from this flaggon I pour to thee—to thee I consecrate the fairest of these fruits. Deign, O deign to accept the gratitude that ani-

mates my whole soul!' So saying he seated himself, and with transport and tears of pleasure enjoyed his unexpected repast. He arose refreshed, and again returned thanks to the divinity who had so bountifully provided for him. 'Or,' said he, 'if the gods have conducted hither some benevolent mortal, O why can I not see and embrace him? Where art thou, that I may thank thee, that I may bless thee? Bless him, ye gods! bless the virtuous being; bless all that are dear to him, and all that depend upon him. My hunger is appeased, but these fruits I will take home with me; my wife and my children shall eat of them, and with tears of pleasure shall bless my unknown benefactor.' He now departed. O how I wept for joy! I ran on through the thicket, and seated myself on a bank that I knew he must pass. He came up, saluted me and said: 'Tell me, my son, hast thou seen any one upon these hills, bearing a flaggon and a basket of fruit?' 'No,' I replied, 'I have seen no one in this thicket bearing a flaggon and a basket of fruit. But tell me,' I asked, 'how camest thou into this wilderness? thou hast surely lost thy way, for here is no path.' 'I have, I have indeed lost my way, my son, and had not some benevolent deity, or some mortal whom the gods will bless for his goodness, relieved me, I should have perished on these hills of hunger and thirst.' 'Let me shew thee the way,' said I: 'let me carry thy burden, thou wilt follow me the more easily.' After many refusals, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the road. And it is the recollection of this that still causes me to weep for joy. What I did was not worth mentioning, and yet the remembrance

of it is cheering as the mild sun-beams. O what happiness must he feel, who has done many good deeds!"

With the sweetest emotion the old man embraced the lovely boy. "Peacefully and happily," said he, "shall I descend to the grave, for I shall leave virtue and benevolence behind me in my cottage."*

THE TEMPEST.

On the promontory beside which the sedgy Tifernus discharges its waters into the sea, sat the swains Lacon and Battus. Black clouds rose above the distant horizon, and the swallows shrieked affrighted around. The swains had already sent home their cattle; they themselves remained on the hill, to behold the awful approach of the storm and to contemplate the tempestuous ocean. "How tremendous is this silence!" said Lacon. "See, the setting sun conceals himself behind yon clouds, which tower like mountains above the extreme verge of the sea."

Battus. How dark is the extended bosom of the ocean. It is still tranquil—but what a fearful calm, that will soon be exchanged for the dreadful roar of the tempest. The hollow tones of distant noises

* It is impossible to forbear remarking the excellent moral precepts inculcated in many of our author's compositions. Where can we find a more pleasing and a more impressive lesson on benevolence and the duty of relieving the distresses of our fellow-creatures than that contained in this Idyl? T.

echo around, like the cries of horror and dismay that succeed some general and sudden calamity.

Lacon. See how slowly the mountainous clouds ascend: more black and more horrible they rise above each other and overshadow the deep.

Battus. Louder and more tremendous sound the hollow murmurs; darkness rests on the bosom of the ocean; it has already enveloped the Diomedan islands. The flame of the watch-tower on yon promontory alone gleams through the awful gloom. Now—now the wild uproar of the winds commences; see, they rend the clouds—they drive them furiously along—they rage among the waves, the ocean foams—

Lacon. The storm approaches in all its horrors. Yet I am desirous to behold its rage; my bosom heaves with mingled terror and delight. If it be agreeable to thee, we will remain here; we may soon descend the hill to our sheltering hut.

Battus. With pleasure I will stay here with thee. The tempest already rages in all its fury; the impetuous waves dash against our shore, and the winds howl through the bent summits of the trees.

Lacon. See how the boiling billows dash their foam to the skies; how, like rocky mountains, they rise in tremendous succession, and precipitate themselves into the horrible abyss! The lightnings blaze on their surface and illumine the awful scene.

Battus. Gods! see—a vessel, like a bird perched on the promontory's brow, is borne on yonder wave. Ha! it sinks—where is it now?—Where are the wretched mariners? Buried in the abyss.

Lacon. If my eyes do not deceive me, it rises again on that swelling billow. Gods! save, O save

them! See! see! the next wave like a mountain overwhelms them. O what could induce you to quit your paternal shore, and tempt the dangers of the boundless ocean? Could not your native land afford you subsistence? Ye sought for riches and have found, alas! an untimely grave!

Battus. In vain for you will fathers, wives and children weep on your paternal shore; in vain will they make vows in the temples for your return. Your tombs will remain empty; birds of prey shall tear your unburied limbs on the shore, if the monsters of the deep should not devour you. O ye gods grant that I may ever live peaceably in my humble cottage! contented with little, may my little field and my flock supply all my wants!

Lacon. Punish me, ye gods! like these men, if ever discontent arise in my bosom; if I ever wish for more than I possess, competency and peace.

Battus. Let us go down to the shore: perhaps the waves may cast some of the unfortunate men on the beach. If they still live we shall have the satisfaction of preserving them; but if disappointed in that hope, we may at least give peace to their spirits, by interring them in a peaceful grave.

They descended to the shore, where they found the body of a handsome youth extended on the sand. With tears they buried him on the beach, which was strewed with the fragments of the ship. Among these they found a chest, which they opened; it contained many valuable articles of gold. "What shall we do with this?" said Battus.

Lacon. We will keep it, not to enrich ourselves —from the desire of wealth may the gods preserve us!—but to restore it to the owner, should we ever

meet with him; or to give it to some one who needs it more than we.

Untouched and unsought, the treasure long remained in the possession of the two swains; at length they built with it a little temple on the shore. Six columns of white marble supported the shady vestibule, and at the farthest extremity stood the statue of Pan. To Content and to thee, benevolent Pan! this temple was consecrated.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

At the dawn of morning Daphnis left his hut and found Chloe, his younger sister, employed in wreathing garlands of flowers. Dew glistened on the leaves, and her tears were mingled with the pearly drops.

Daphnis. Dear Chloe, wherefore are these garlands? Why dost thou weep?

Chloe. Dost thou not weep thyself, my beloved brother? But alas! have we not cause to weep? Didst thou not observe in what sorrow my mother passed by us, how she pressed our hands and sobbed and concealed her streaming eyes?

Daphnis. Yes, I observed it. Alas! my poor father must be much worse than he was yesterday.

Chloe. O brother! brother! if he should die!—Ah, how tenderly he loves us, how he kisses and presses us to his heart, when we do what is pleasing to him and to the gods!

Daphnis. Dear, dear sister! how melancholy is every thing around us! In vain my favorite lamb caresses me; alas! I almost forget to feed him. In vain my dove flutters on my shoulder and pecks at

my lips and my chin with his little beak; nothing, nothing now affords me pleasure. O my father! if thou diest, I shall die too.

Chloe. O my poor father! Dost thou remember; it is only five days since he took us both on his knees, while the tears trickled down his cheeks—

Daphnis. Ah, Chloe! and when he set us down, how pale he grew! "I can hold you no longer, my beloved children!" said he; "I am ill, very ill." He was scarcely able to walk to his bed, and has been ill from that hour.

Chloe. Alas! he grows worse every day. Hear, brother, what I intend to do: I left our hut early to gather fresh flowers to make these garlands. I shall now go to the image of Pan, for my father and mother have often told us that the gods are gracious, and listen with pleasure to sincere prayers. I will go and offer him these garlands: and see! here in this cage, the dearest object I possess—my little bird, I will likewise sacrifice to him.

Daphnis. Ah my dear sister! I will accompany thee; wait but one moment while I fill my basket with the fairest fruits, and fetch my dove also as a sacrifice.

He ran and soon returned; and they repaired to the statue of Pan, which stood on a hill at no great distance, overshadowed by pine-trees. They knelt before him and thus addressed the god:

Daphnis. O Pan, thou kind protector of our fields, hear, O hear our supplications! We are the children of the sick Menalcas. Listen, O listen to our prayers!

Chloe. Hear, O hear our supplications, benevolent Pan! Accept our little sacrifices, all that chil-

dren like us can offer. I lay these garlands at thy feet; could I reach so high, I would entwine them around thy temples and thy shoulders. Save, kind Pan, O save our father, and restore him to his afflicted children!

Daphnis. I bring thee these fruits, the fairest that I have: deign, O deign to accept them! I would have sacrificed to thee the best goat of the flock, were she not too strong for my feeble arm. But when I grow bigger, I will offer to thee two every year, if thou wilt restore our dear father to health.

Chloe. This little bird will I sacrifice to thee, kind Pan! it is the dearest to me of any thing I possess. See, it perches on my hand to be fed; but I will sacrifice it to thee, kind Pan!

Daphnis. And I will offer this dove on thy altar. See, it wants to play and to caress me, but I will sacrifice it to thee, kind Pan, that thou mayst restore to us our father. Hear, O hear our supplications!

The children now prepared with their little trembling hands to strangle the victims; but a soft voice exclaimed: "The gods listen graciously to the prayers of innocence; destroy not your pleasures, sweet children! your father is restored to health."

And Menalcas was healed. Delighted with the affection of the children, the whole family went the same day to offer sacrifices to Pan; and Menalcas, full of years and blessings, survived to behold his children's children.*

* This Idyl was composed by Gessner, on his recovery from a severe illness. It is a charming composition, breath-

JEALOUSY.

THE most tormenting of all passions is jealousy, the most venomous of the serpents which the furies engender in our bosoms. This Alexis once experienced. He loved Daphne, and was beloved by her. Both possessed beauty; his dark complection was marked with manly grace; she was fair and spotless as the lily that opens to the ruddy dawn of morning. They had vowed to each other eternal love. Venus and the Loves appeared to have showered on them every blessing. The father of Alexis had just recovered from a dangerous illness. "Son!" said he; "I have made a vow to sacrifice six sheep to the god of health; go and conduct them to his temple." It was two long days' journey to the temple of the god. With tears he bade adieu to his maiden, as if he was about to traverse a wide ocean; and overwhelmed with melancholy and dejection drove the sheep before him. Sighing like the turtle-dove he pursued his tedious way. He passed through the most delightful plains, without perceiving them; enchanting prospects lay before him, but he felt not their beauties; he felt only his love, he saw only his maiden, either in her cottage or beside the shady stream, heard her pronounce his name and sighed. He thus proceeded with his sheep, impatient because they had

ing the purest sentiments of infancy and innocence, and will doubtless cause the tear of tenderness to steal from the eye of many a parent. T.

not the swiftness of deer, and arrived at the temple. The sacrifice completed, he hastened homeward on the wings of love. As he passed through a thicket, a thorn pierced so deeply into his foot, that the pain scarcely allowed him to crawl to a neighboring hut. "Gods! how unfortunate am I!" he incessantly sighed, and anxiously counted the tedious minutes; every hour seemed to be a dreary winter's night. At length some evil genius instilled the poison of jealousy into his heart. "Gods! what an idea!" murmured he, looking wildly around. "Daphne untrue! horrible thought! But maidens are maidens, and Daphne is beautiful. Who could see her without loving her? And has not Daphnis long languished for her? He is handsome: who is not moved by his songs, and who can play so well on the pipe? His cottage is near Daphne's; they are parted only by a delightful grove. O fly me, fly me, hateful thought! Thou sinkest continually deeper into my bosom, and torturest me day and night!" His sickly imagination often represented to him his maiden stealing through the shade, where Daphnis, reclined by the stream, sung to her and to Echo the pains of his passion: he sees her languishing eye, he marks how her bosom heaves with sighs. Or he beholds his maiden asleep beneath the embowering shade; Daphnis, stealing through the grove, perceives her, softly advances nearer; undisturbed he feasts his eyes on her charms. He bends over her, kisses her hand, and she awakes not: he kisses her cheeks—her lips—"And she awakes not!" he furiously exclaims. "O misery! but why do I create these horrid images? Why does my fertile fancy inflict

on me such cruel torments? how can I ungratefully harbor thoughts injurious to her innocence."

The sixth day of anguish had already arrived, and his wound was not quite healed. He embraced his benefactors. They neglected nothing that cordial hospitality can urge, to detain him. All was in vain; pursued by furies, he hastened away with all possible expedition. It was night, and by the beams of the full moon he discovered at a distance Daphne's cottage. "Begone, begone, hateful, tormenting thoughts! Yonder is the abode of my love; and this night, this very night I shall shed tears of joy in her arms." He said, and quickened his pace. As he approached he percived his maiden advancing from beneath the vine-covered porch before the cottage. "It is she;" he exclaimed. "Yes, Daphne! it is thy graceful form, thy soft step, thy snow-white robe! It is she, ye gods! But whither is she going at this unseasonable hour? It is dangerous for feeble maidens to venture alone at night in the open fields. Perhaps, full of anxiety, she is hastening to meet me." He had scarcely spoken, when a youth followed her from the bower, placed himself by her side and affectionately pressed her hand in his. He gave her a basket of flowers, which with graceful movement, she placed on her arm. Thus they proceeded from the cottage through the moon-light. Overwhelmed with despair, Alexis stood at a distance and trembled in every limb. "Ye gods! what do I see!—Too true, alas! too true were the forebodings that tormented me—whispered by some compassionate divinity. Unhappy wretch that I am! O thou, whether god or goddess, who hast thus fore-

warned me of my misery, avenge, O avenge me! Punish, before my eyes, punish this perfidy, and then let death terminate my misery!"

Arm in arm, amid affectionate converse, the maiden and the youth pursued their moon-light way to the myrtle grove which surrounds the temple of Venus.

"Do they seek the shade of those myrtles!" said the raving Alexis—"that shade in which she has so often vowed the most constant love to me! Now they have entered the grove! gods! I see them no longer; concealed by the tufted foliage they will seat themselves in the shade. But no; I see them again; her white robe glistens in the moon-beams between the bushes and the dark trunks of the trees. They stop; there is a delightful open spot and soft turf. There seat yourselves, faithless pair! opposite to the resplendent moon, and by her beams plight to each other your guilty vows. May the furies pursue you! But no!—hark!—the nightingales pour their tenderest strains, and the turtle-doves sigh around them. Even there they stop not; they approach the temple of the goddess. Ha! I will go nearer; I will see—will listen to them."

He stole into the myrtle grove: they continued to approach the temple; the fabric glistening in the moon-beams, rose on white marble columns amid the nocturnal air. "What! do they venture to ascend its hallowed steps? Can the goddess of love sanction the blackest perfidy?" Such were the exclamations of Alexis, when he beheld the maiden mounting the steps of the temple; with the basket of flowers in her hand she passed between the en-

circling columns, beside one of which the youth waited her return. Concealed by the shade of the thicket, Alexis approached still nearer. Shuddering with horror and despair, he stole to one of the columns, shrouded by its dark shadow, and saw Daphne proceeding to the statue of the goddess. Formed of the purest white marble, and resplendent in the moon-beams, she appeared with dignified modesty to retire from the astonished gaze of adoring mortals, while with a gracious smile she beheld the sacrifices at her feet. Daphne sank on her knees before the goddess; in accents of tenderness and sorrow, interrupted by sobs, she thus prayed: "Hear, O hear, gentle goddess, thou protectress of faithful love, hear my supplications; deign to accept these garlands, which I bring as an offering to thee! the dews of evening and my tears glisten upon them. Alas! this is the sixth day since Alexis left me. O mild and gracious goddess, restore him in safety to my arms! protect, O protect him on his way, and lead him, tender and well as when he left me, to my languishing bosom!"

Alexis heard and turned his eyes on the youth who stood opposite to him and on whose face the bright moon-beams now fell. It was Daphne's brother; for the timid maiden durst not venture alone at night to the temple.

Alexis advanced from behind the column. Clasped in each others arms the lovers sank at the feet of the goddess; she with mingled rapture and surprize, and he overpowered by joy and shame.

ERYTHIA.

Myrson. Let us go into the stream; the water will cool our feet while the arching willows and slender ash-trees throw their shade over us.

Lycas. Willingly; amid this sultry heat every thing languishes for refreshing coolness.

Myrson. Let us go to the place where the stream precipitates itself over the rock; there it is cool and refreshing, as bathing by moon-light in the water.

Lycas. Hark! I already hear the noise of the falling stream. Every creature appears to seek pleasure in this shade. What a murmur! what a buzzing! what a chirping! what a gay and variegated multitude flutters among the foliage! Thou little water-wag-tail, wouldst thou shew us the way? See how merrily he hops before us from stone to stone. Ah! see what a bright sun-beam darts into the hollow trunk of that willow, entwined with honeysuckle and ivy. Look at the young kid asleep in the cavity; how slily he has chosen for himself that charming retreat!

Myrson. Thou observest every thing, except that we have arrived at the spot to which we intended to go.

Lycas. Ha! yes! gods! what a delightful place is this!

Myrson. Like a silvery tapestry waving in a gentle breeze, the falling sheet of water covers the arching cave behind it: a wreath of shrubs encircles the entrance. Come, let us pass behind the waterfall into the grotto.

Lycas. Ha! I shudder with the delightful coolness. How the stream dashes foaming before us. Each falling drop glows in the sun-beams like liquid fire.

Myrson. Let us seat ourselves on these high mossy stones; our feet may then rest unwet on those that lie in the water, while the falling stream incloses us in the grotto.

Lycas. Never did I see such a delightful place!

Myrson. Delightful indeed! it is consecrated to Pan. The shepherds avoid it at noon, for then, as they say, he delights to repose here. They have likewise a song concerning the stream, which I will sing if thou desirest to hear it.

Lycas. Here we repose comfortably; seated on this mossy cushion and reclining against the rocky wall, I shall listen with pleasure to thy song.

" Fair, thou daughter of Eridanus, fairer than any nymph of Diana's train wast thou, Erythia! The opening dawn of beauty beamed in her yet infant face; her form was tall and graceful; the purest innocence played on her beauteous features, and modesty beamed in her blue, sparkling eye. Her youthful bosom, as yet but gently swelling, afforded the promise of a riper bloom. During the noon-tide heat, she, with her sister-nymphs, had chaced the deer on the mountains; weary and faint with thirst she ran to the banks of a stream. She cooled her hands, washed her fair face in the crystal current, and with her rosy lips sipped the refreshing draught. Thus employed she bent over the stream, unconscious of any danger; but Pan had watched her from the neighboring bushes, and love suddenly inflamed his breast. Unobserved he

stole towards her, till the rustling of the shrubs behind her betrayed him. Terrified, she sprang away and escaped his nervous arms that trembled with desire; she already felt their warmth at her waist; a rose-leaf would have filled the space between her and his hand. Light as a roe she bounded over the stream; fear rendered her still more swift. He pursued her as she fled over the plain, like the rapid wind sweeping over the tops of the waving grass. But suddenly she paused, transfixed with horror. She stood on the extreme verge of a precipice; she started back, and turned pale while she contemplated the yawning abyss. 'O save me, Diana!' she exclaimed, in accents of despair, 'save me, thou protectress of chastity, from the impure embrace! Save, O save me, Diana, protectress of chastity!' But the god was now close behind her—already she felt his fanning breath—his encircling arm. The chaste goddess, foe to love, heard her ardent supplications. The limpid current descends from his encircling arms, and flows down his breast; she dissolves in his embrace—like the spring snow on the dark brow of a rock—trickles down his knees, meanders amid the grass, and, rushing over the rocky height, winds through the vale below. Such was the origin of Erythia, the pure stream."

THE WOODEN LEG.—A Swiss Idyl.

On the mountain whence the Rautibach rushes into the valley, a young swain tended his flock. His pipe called the seven-fold echoes from the clefts of the rock, and its merry notes resounded through the vale. He observed an old man as-

cending the side of the mountain; his hair was white as snow; slowly he advanced, supporting himself on a staff, for one of his legs was of wood. At length he approached, and seated himself on the cliffs beside him. The young swain gazed on him with astonishment, and looked at his wooden leg, stretched out before him. "Child!" said the old man with a smile, "thou surely thinkst, that with such a leg I might as well have remained in the valley. Yet I ascend this mountain once every year. This wooden leg which thou seest is more honorable to me than two sound ones to many others." "It may be honorable, father!" replied the youth; "but I think the others must be more convenient. But thou art fatigued. Shall I fetch thee a cool draught from the spring which trickles down yon rock?"

The old man. Thou art a good youth; a draught of pure water would refresh me. Go and fetch it, and then I will relate to thee the history of my wooden leg.

The young shepherd ran and quickly returned with a fresh draught from the stream.

The old man had refreshed himself. "Youths, like thee," said he, "should return thanks to God and your fathers, that so many of them are marked with scars or maimed as I am. But for this, ye would now hang your dejected heads, instead of calling with merry songs the mountain echoes. Gaiety and joy now resound through the vallies, while hill to hill repeats your cheerful songs. Liberty, liberty blesses the happy land. The mountains and vallies—all that we see is our own; we

cheerfully cultivate our own possessions, and with joy we reap for ourselves the produce of our toil.*

The young shepherd. He does not deserve to be a free man who can forget that our fathers purchased the blessings of liberty with their blood.

The old man. No, my son, nor he who would not follow their glorious example. Since that bloody day, once every year I ascend this mountain; but I feel that this is the last visit I shall pay it. From this spot I can discern the whole order of the battle, when we fought for our liberty and conquered.† See, from that side advanced the hostile army; thousands of spears glistened yonder in the sun, and full two hundred knights in splendid armor; the plumes nodded on their helms, and the earth trembled beneath their chargers. Once they broke our little band, which consisted only of a few hundreds. The air rung with lamentations; the smoke of Näfels in flames filled the valley, and in horrid volumes ascended the mountain's side. Our

* "Why," asks Dr. Moore, "are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours her gifts in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland?—Because freedom," he replies, with the enthusiasm natural to a Briton, "freedom, whose influence is more benign than sun-shine and zephyrs; who covers the rugged rock with soil and clothes the brown heath in verdure: who dresses the laborer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland." T.

† The battle of Näfels, in the canton of Glarus, in the year 1388, an interesting account of which will be found in Planta's history of the Helvetic confederacy, vol. I, p. 310. T.

leader now stood at the foot of that hill; yonder he stood, where the two silver-firs bend over the rock; very few of our men were near him. I think I see him now, boldly rallying his scattered soldiers: I see him wave his banner on high; it rustles like the blast that precedes a storm. His scattered forces assembled from all sides. Seest thou yon torrents that pour down the mountain? Stones, rocks and uprooted trees in vain oppose their progress; they continue their headlong course, and at length collect in the lake below. So rushed our scattered soldiers to the spot, forcing their way through the ranks of the enemy. They pressed round the hero, and swore to conquer or to die. In embattled order the enemy bore down upon us. Eleven times we attacked them, and as often were we obliged to retreat to the protecting mountain. Ranged in close order we stood, impenetrable as the rocks behind us. But now reinforced by thirty valiant men of Schwitz, we fell upon the enemy, as some huge fragment of a mountain or rock descends with a tremendous crash upon the forest, and shivers the trees in its course. The enemy in front and on each side, horse and foot, pressed in horrible confusion on each other while they sought to escape our fury. We made a dreadful carnage, and pushed on over the dead and the dying to fresh slaughter. I was one of the foremost; but, in the confusion, one of the enemy's horse struck me to the ground, and the animal trampled on my leg. A soldier who fought near me, looked back, lifted me on his shoulders and bore me from the field. A holy father was offering up his prayers for our success on a rock at no great distance. 'Take care

of him, he has fought like a man,' said my deliverer, and hastened back to the fight. The victory was ours, my child, it was ours! Many of our countrymen lay stretched on heaps of the enemy; as the weary reaper reposes on the sheaves he has himself cut down. I was carefully attended; my wound was healed; but I knew not my deliverer, and never have I been able to thank him for my life. In vain have I enquired for him; in vain have I made vows and pilgrimages that some saint or angel might discover him to me. Now, alas! I shall never thank him in this world!

The young shepherd, who had listened to him with tears in his eyes, said: "No, father, never wilt thou thank him in this world!" With astonishment the old man exclaimed: "How—what sayst thou? Dost thou know who he was?"

The shepherd. I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often has he related to me the history of the battle, and added: "I wonder if the man still lives who fought so bravely by my side, and whom I carried from the field."

The old man. O God, and all ye saints! and was the generous man thy father?

The shepherd. He had a scar here, (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded by the splinter of a spear, perhaps before he bore thee from the battle.

The old man. His cheek bled when he carried me off. O my child! my son!

The shepherd. He died two years ago; he was poor, and now I earn a scanty subsistence by tending these sheep.

The old man embraced him. "God be thanked!" he exclaimed, "that I can repay to thee thy father's benevolence. Come, my son; come to my habitation; another may tend these sheep." They descended into the valley to his dwelling. He was rich in fields and flocks, and one fair daughter was his only heir. "Child!" said he, "the man who saved my life was the father of this youth. If thou canst love him thou shalt be his wife." The youth was handsome and lively; yellow locks curled around his fair face, and modesty beamed from his sparkling eyes. The bashful maiden required three days to consider the proposal; and the third appeared to her to be extremely long. She gave the youth her hand; the old man shed tears of joy, and said: "May blessings rest upon you! now, now am I the happiest of men!"

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

A PASTORAL DRAMA.

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Scene represents a solitary country, overgrown with bushes and trees.

LAMON AND CHLOE.

Chloe. WHEREFORE so serious, neighbor? It is true, people of our condition have always enough to do, if they bestow proper care on their flocks, and cultivate their little fields as they ought.

Lamon. Thou art right, good Chloe! employment makes our days pass much more swiftly and agreeably away. I am returning from a sacred duty, which I never omit to perform; I have been sacrificing to Pan, in the grove, the first fruits of five young trees, which I planted on the day when Evander, my foster-son, was committed to my care. They are now eighteen years old, and in their flourishing growth the gods appear to give us a favorable omen.

Chloe. Thou art a virtuous man, and for that reason thy undertakings prosper. Tranquillity and happiness always accompany those who are upright and honor the gods. But how will this affair end? I think our secret can be in no danger here; *(looking round her)* I am only anxious to live, to see what will become of my foster-daughter, Alcimna: it is now sixteen years since she was entrusted to me. "Take good care of her; thou shalt

be amply compensated for thy trouble, and conceal the secret in the recesses of thy heart." Such were the words of the man who delivered her into my hands.

Lamon. The gods have some important object in view with them. Evander is the handsomest youth in the whole country. He is graceful as the statue which stands in the Delphic temple. In wisdom he equals men of maturer years and experience; he has the courage of Hercules; and who can contend with him in wrestling, running, and in every exercise that requires agility and strength? His songs are beautiful as if Apollo had himself inspired him with them in dreams.

Chloe. And Alcimna as far surpasses all other maidens. She is beauteous as the graces, and possesses, in fullest measure, every charm that can adorn a female. She excels all other maidens as much as the rose excels the lowly flowers of the field.

Lamon. Their passion fills me with alternate hopes and fears; perhaps the gods have designed that they should love each other; but of this we are uncertain. I constantly hope that fate will not separate them; but we cannot decide their fortunes as if they were our own children. They will be demanded of us, and perhaps at no very distant period. We cannot consent to their union; we must retard their hopes.

Chloe. Thou art certainly right, Lamon! I hope we shall soon see the mystery explained: I wish for it with greater impatience than thou dost—perhaps, because I am a woman.

Lamon. The gods will determine for the best,

How distressed I should be but for that reflection! how well both deserve to be happy! It grieves me that I cannot comply with the wishes of his tender affection. I hate deceit, and yet what falsehoods am I not obliged to invent to pacify him. But the gods will forgive us this deception. We will say that we were each warned in a dream last night to defer their union.

Chloe. This is an excellent thought. If we must practise deception, let us do it in the way thou hast suggested; for in no other can we evade their earnest intreaties. Farewell! I must go to my garden. See! thy son approaches; I will steal away through the thicket.

Lamon. I will go too; that I may avoid his earnest solicitations.

SCENE II.

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

Evander. Long have I sought her in vain. She is not here, nor by the waterfall, nor beneath the hazle bushes; but she will certainly be here soon. Perhaps her mother has given her some employment to detain her. *(Looking round him.)* I have guessed it. He avoids me; my father avoids me, whenever he apprehends, lest I should speak to him concerning my Alcimna. Gods! what can all this mean? Wherefore should he disapprove of my affection for the most virtuous maiden in the whole country, for one whom he himself acknowledges to surpass all her companions? This conduct overwhelms me with grief and anxiety. But, where is

she? She comes not. On the smooth bark of this tree will I carve her name. *(He takes a knife from his pocket).* Thou shalt bear her name and mine. Then mayst thou flourish uninjured by the destroying axe. Those who pass by shall say: 'this tree is sacred to love.' *(As he begins to cut the bark, Alcimna steals softly behind him and covers his eyes with her hands.)*

Alcimna. Who am I

Evander. O Alcimna! O my beloved!

Alcimna. Thou art mistaken.

Evander. No; I am not mistaken. Where hast thou tarried so long?

Alcimna. If thou art not mistaken, kiss me. *(She uncovers his eyes and they embrace).* O! I hope he will not follow me hither. 'Twas Milon, the goat-herd, that detained me. How troublesome he is to me with his love.

Evander. Gods! here he is.

SCENE III.

EVANDER, ALCIMNA AND MILON.

Milon. I thought thou wouldst find Evander here. Evander always obtains the prize, in wrestling, in running, in singing and among the maidens. Evander, thou hast won many a fine lamb.

Alcimna. We knew that long ago.

Milon. I cannot refrain from laughing at the simple Battus, as under yon aged oak, he—

Alcimna. How often have we laughed at that already! But what canst thou want here?

Evander, Alcimna and Milon.

Milon. O be not angry! One kind look from thee is—

Alcimna, (smiling scornfully at him.) Well, now begone.

Milon. So disdainful! Do not treat me so unkindly. I must sing thee a song, which I this morning—

Alcimna. But how, if I will not listen to it?

Milon. I will sing it nevertheless.

Alcimna. Then I will stop my ears with my fingers.

Milon. As clever as thou art, Evander, thou canst not excel me on the pipe. Here is one which I made two days ago. Its tones are excellent; I have already won two goats with it. Only listen

Evander. I believe it without listening.

Milon. O! I would wager my best goat—

Alcimna. And I my whole flock that thou art the most troublesome man in the whole country. Wilt thou never cease thy prating? Thou art like a burr which sticks to the passenger; it is impossible to get rid of thee.

Milon. I almost believe you wish to be alone.

Evander. Hast thou guessed it at last?

Milon. Then I will go. *(He goes, but returns.)* But there is one thing I had almost forgotten: I must tell you. Yesterday evening, the sun had sunk into the ocean, when I walked along the shore and—

Alcimna. Hast thou not done yet?

Milon. What, before I have begun? Well, when I was on the shore I saw Asphalion, the fisherman. He was just hanging up his nets, and told me that before sun-set he had seen five large ships out at

sea, and he believed they were steering for our coast; it is ——

Alcimna. Well; let them come. But you have forgotten to go.

Milon, (going). Then I will leave you to yourselves.

SCENE IV.

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

Alcimna. Is that loquacious fellow really gone? *(Looking round her).* Yes: but should he even still be listening behind those bushes, that shall not prevent me from telling thee, my beloved! that I longed more earnestly to hasten to thee, than the goldfinch, caught by some idle boy in the field, to return to her young. Let him caress her as much as he pleases, she sits mournfully pining, and watches for an opportunity to escape. She flies not with more eager haste to her nestlings, than I flew to thee, when Milon detained me and I escaped from him.

Evander. O my beloved! how happy I am in thy affection! As I passed yon rose-bushes on my way hither, I found these two roses, blooming together on one stem. United they diffuse their perfumes, united they will fade. Place, my beloved! place this image of our love in thy bosom.

Alcimna. Yes, I will place it in my bosom. See! how lovely they look: thus shall we bloom beside each other.

Evander. Thus united will we pass our days; they will be sweet as the perfumes of these roses.

Evander and Alcimna.

Alcimna. So shall we bloom beside each other—But tell me, didst thou wait long for me?

Evander. No; but when I do not see thee every minute appears an age.

Alcimna. I was quite vexed when I found Milon beneath yon beech-trees. He placed himself in the midst of the path. "Every maiden," said he, "that passes this way must give me a kiss." 'Let me go,' said I angrily; but he would have detained me till now. 'Look,' said I, at length, 'whose is that white cow, wading yonder in the marsh; she must certainly have strayed.' He turned his head to look, and I bounded away behind him and had got some distance before he discovered the trick; and then the tiresome man pursued me. But, why art thou so thoughtful?

Evander. I?

Alcimna. Yes, thou art musing as if thou hadst something to say; but which it is disagreeable to thee to mention. O make me not uneasy, my love!

Evander. I—I know not whether I ought to tell it thee.

Alcimna. I shall only be the more uneasy if thou dost not communicate it to me.

Evander. The continual excuses, with which my father delays the fulfilment of our ardent wishes, give me great anxiety. He appears carefully to avoid seeing me alone; and when he cannot escape me, and I speak to him of our love, he seems distressed and answers with incoherent expressions.

Alcimna. My mother behaves exactly in the same manner.

Evander. To day he has been sacrificing to the

gods the first fruits of the trees he planted in the first spring of my life; I approached, accidentally, near the place, and that I might not disturb his devotions, I stood still behind the bushes, and heard him pray in these words: "Benevolent gods! hear my prayer and graciously accept my sacrifice. Be propitious to my son, and let the wonderful fate which awaits him prove happy!" He continued praying, but a breeze shook the foliage of the bushes, and I could not distinctly hear any more.

Alcimna. I am lost in astonishment. How ardently I wish that the gods may listen to his prayers.

Evander. Whatever fate may await me, (and the gods grant that it may be fortunate) thy love alone will render me the happiest of men.

Alcimna. O my beloved! Let not melancholy ideas disturb our happiness, let not the apprehensions of a misfortune, that will perhaps never arrive, throw a gloom over the passing hours. Recover thy cheerfulness and smile upon me! Let us begin the song which we sing, each responsive to the other.

Evander. In thy company I forget every care. Begin: thou singest first.

Alcimna. Well, I will begin:

As languish the flow'rs and the meads,
Depriv'd of the sun's kindly ray,
And bereft of the soft-falling show'rs;
So I languish when thou art away.

Evander and Alcimna.

Evander.

More cheering to me are thy smiles,
More refreshing the pleasures they bring,
Than the dews of the morn to the mead,
Than the sun to the blossoms of spring.

Both.

To thee I vow eternal love,
I swear it by the sacred grove,
And by the flow'ry plains!
O hear, ye nymphs! the vows of love—
I swear it by the sacred grove,
And by the flow'ry plains!

Alcimna.

When the rude blasts of winter confine
To her cell the industrious bee,
She pines in her gloomy retreat:
So I pine, my love, parted from thee.

Evander.

But with transport she hails the young spring,
When rous'd by the sun's genial rays;
So with rapture my bosom is fill'd,
While on thee, my beloved, I gaze.

Both.

To thee I vow eternal love,
I swear it by the sacred grove,
And by the flow'ry plains!
O hear, ye nymphs! the vows of love—
I swear it by the sacred grove,
And by the flow'ry plains!

Milon, Evander and Alcimna.

SCENE V.

MILON, EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

Milon. Admirably well sung, indeed!

Alcimna. What art thou already returned? Or didst thou perhaps never go away? That was not very handsome.

Milon. Indeed I did go; I heard only the last verse of your song.

Alcimna. What then brought thee back?

Milon. I came out of love to thee; you ar singing and saying a thousand things to each other, and observe not what is passing around you. Don't you hear the tumult?

Evander. What is the cause of it?

Milon. The vessels, which Asphalion mentioned, have anchored off our coast.

Alcimna. Well, and what is that to us?

Milon. Nothing, if you are determined to ridicule all I say.

Evander. Then tell us.

Milon. I have nothing to tell.

Alcimna. Thou art too touchy. Come, tell us.

Milon. The crews have landed and are erecting tents beneath yon linden-trees, close to this thicket. I thought I would inform you that you might be upon your guard, for who knows what may be their intentions? You will not be safe here.

Alcimna. Thy caution is kind, Milon! Indeed I am quite alarmed. Let us go.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Tents are seen at a distance among the trees.

PYRHUS AND ARATES.

Pyrhus. How impatient am I to behold my son! The years of danger are past. Eighteen years, so the oracle commanded, he was to be left unknown among the shepherds. This is the eighteenth spring since I sent him away, an infant, beauteous as the god of love is described to us. I hope to find in him the genuine impressions of virtue and uncorrupted simplicity.

Arates. I am likewise impatient to behold our prince. How fortunate we shall be, if we both find our children in the state we wish! Thou knowest that, warned by a dream, I brought my daughter to this country, sixteen years ago; and when I sacrificed to my household gods, before I embarked with thee, they favored me with a second vision, presaging happiness to my family.

Pyrhus. The gods grant that it may be so! But perhaps my son may regret to leave this tranquillity in the bosom of simple nature and these peaceful shades. The impression which these lovely scenes have already made on me is so delightful, that my heart silently acknowledges, that an abode amid the beauties of simple nature is the most suitable and the best adapted to our existence; it here experiences those sensations which we feel after a

long and painful absence at the sight of our native soil.

Arates. Our mode of life has deviated so far from primitive simplicity, that it cannot fail to produce strange impressions on one who is suddenly removed into it, and has not, from his infancy, been estranged from that noble simplicity.

Pyrhus. I have now been expecting him an hour; yonder comes some one through the thicket —a youth so beautiful that I cannot forbear wishing that he might be my son. He advances to us.

SCENE II.

EVANDER, PYRHUS AND ARATES.

Evander. Welcome, gentlemen!

Pyrhus. Welcome, young shepherd! Has curiosity or business brought thee to us?

Evander. And if it were curiosity—it is something extraordinary for us to see people from cities. But tell me, gentlemen, have you not come hither fro m Zirta with the prince, who yesterday landed on our shore?

Arates. Yes.

Pyrhus. Thou wouldst doubtless, be glad to relinquish thy humble mode of life and to accompany us to the city?

Evander. I? Ha! ha! That I certainly should not. When a child I was once in a city, at Delphi. I was astonished at every thing I saw there; but I would not exchange our charming, rural scenes for the city, where one must traverse so many streets to reach the open fields.

Evander, Pyrhus and Arates.

Pyrhus. Thou art a simple youth; thou wouldst soon become used to it.

Evander. But I should not soon become accustomed to live among people, whose manners are totally different from ours. Though they laugh at our simplicity, yet we are as happy as they. They are too much occupied with their worldly pursuits to enjoy happiness; but we are contented with what we possess: we peacefully cultivate our fields and tend our flocks, which abundantly repay our trouble. Our abundance, it is true, they, by a strange perversion, denominate poverty. No; I should not like to return to the city. When I was there, I stood and gazed at the great houses, as large as mountains, and yet the inhabitants of cities are, in general, smaller than we. The people laughed at me as they passed, and still more when I asked them what this or the other was. "Young shepherd," said one, "canst thou sing?" "Yes," I replied, "I can sing," and began my best song. The people collected round me, and laughed at me; and yet all the swains allow that I am a good singer. Even the maidens there are unkind; though I saluted them in the most friendly manner, yet they passed by as if they did not see me; just as we pass by a stone that lies by the road-side; and they are not by far so blooming and so lovely as our maidens.

Pyrhus. But if thou couldst feel for me as much affection as I do for thee, thou wouldst cheerfully accompany me.

Evander. I loved thee the moment I first saw thee. But how can I forsake my old father, whom I love too, and go with thee to the city?

With tender solicitude he reared me in my infancy, and ought I not with grateful care to attend him in his old age? Remain with us, gentlemen; you shall have the best that our trees and our flocks afford. But you make me talk so much, and have not told me where I may find the prince.

Arates. What is thy business with him.

Evander. My father has sent me to him with these fruits, gathered from the trees he planted eighteen years ago, in the spring when I was but a year old. They are ripe and sweet as honey. Where shall I find him?

Pyrhus. Gods! that is the precise age of my son. His foster-father must have planted the trees the same spring that the child was committed to his care. O Arates! if it should be he!

Arates. Thy conjecture is probable. What other shepherd would send thee fruit?

Evander. But tell me, I intreat you, where I shall find the prince. I must go; I have still a great deal to do in the orchard and with the flock; and my maiden is waiting for me beside the brook.

Pyrhus. Know then, young man, that I am the person thou seekest.

Evander. Art thou the prince of Zirta?

Pyrhus. Yes; but where is thy father, and what is his name?

Evander. My father dwells yonder, behind the wood, and his name is Lamon.

Pyrhus, (to Arates). O my friend! I can scarcely refrain from embracing him. The name of his father likewise coincides.

Lamon, Evander, Pyrhus, Arates, attendant.

Arates. I have scarcely any doubt on the subject.

Evander. Ah! there comes my father himself.

SCENE III.

LAMON, EVANDER, PYRHUS, ARATES AND AN ATTENDANT ON PYRHUS.

Attendant (to Pyrhus). My lord! this is the man to whom eighteen years ago your son was entrusted.

Pyrhus. Are you the person, my friend, to whose care a young child was committed eighteen years ago?

Lamon. Yes, my lord! I am; and this youth who has brought you the fruit, is your son. It is the produce of the trees which I planted in the spring when the child was delivered to me; and this is the sealed paper that I received with him.

Evander. Gods! what do I hear?

Pyrhus. It is incontestibly true! Embrace me, thou art my son! Embrace thy happy father! *(They embrace.)*

Evander. Thrice welcome, my father!

Pyrhus. Yes, I am thy father! By the command of the gods, I dismissed thee while an infant from my paternal arms, and entrusted to this man the care of thy tender youth.

Evander (to Lamon). And art thou not my father? O, I will still continue to call thee by that name, thou hast loved me with such tenderness.

Pyrhus. Accept my thanks, ye gods! for having so graciously preserved my son, and so kindly

Evander and a young lord.

restored him to me. How, my friend, shall I reward thy affectionate care?

Lamon. Thanks be to the gods, who direct every thing for the best; my care of him will be sufficiently rewarded, if he continues to love me and is happy. I want nothing that you can give.

Pyrhus. Happy people, whose wants are so few. But, Arates! I will not forget, amid my happiness, to express my gratitude to the gods for it. Let us hasten and prepare a sacrifice. Remain here, my son; soon, very soon will I return to thee. My people will be impatient to see their new-found prince.

SCENE IV.

EVANDER AND A YOUNG LORD.

Evander. Gods! how wonderful! I know not whether I wake, or dream. How I long to go to my Alcimna, to acquaint her with what has happened. But here comes some one already. Who can he be, that skips so nimbly towards me?

Lord. Permit me, prince, to express to you my excessive joy.

Evander. What rejoices thee so much, my friend?

Lord. That the severe decree of the oracle is at length fulfilled, and that you are released from the base, dreary and disgusting situation, in which too rigid fate has caused you to languish away the years of youth.

Evander. Thanks be to the gods, who placed me in it: never shall I forget the pleasures of my

Evander and a young lord.

youthful days, those delightful occupations, those innocent joys!

Lord. Innocent joys! Ha! ha! ha! O prince! you know not yet what pleasure is. Come into the polite world; there only you will find it. I should not thank the gods, if they were to condemn me to exile among shepherds.

Evander. The abode amid these delightful scenes is then irksome to thee?

Lord. Among select society it might be endured.

Evander. Have then the varying beauties of nature no charms for thee?

Lord. They may delight those who are unacquainted with superior pleasures.

Evander. When the rising sun sheds his beams over the smiling landscape, and every plant and every bird is animated with new life, dost thou feel no pleasure?

Lord. The rising sun! I never yet saw it.

Evander. No shepherd will envy thee thy pleasures.

Lord. That I believe; they are not formed for elegant delights.

Evander. But tell me, who art thou?

Lord. I am a young nobleman of the court.

Evander. And what is thy business there?

Lord (aside). I suppose he imagines that we must follow the plough at least. *(To Evander).* My business is to dress elegantly, to go to entertainments and dances, to invent new pleasures and to visit the ladies.

Evander. Nothing else?

Evander and a young lord.

Lord. Nothing else? Gods! what else should I have to do?

Evander. We shepherds have simple notions on this subject. We call that business, by which we can benefit ourselves or others, and this affords us content and pleasure. We prefer the useful bee to the butterfly, notwithstanding its gaudy appearance.

Lord, (aside). Gods! what vulgar notions are these of our prince! How he smells of the cow-house! *(To Evander.).* People of the lower class may toil continually, but those of our rank know how to enjoy life. Incessant diversions prevent the intrusion of all such gloomy reflections. Others may dislocate their limbs at the public games, and expose their lives on mettlesome horses, in the race-course, but we are more careful of our persons. We enjoy the privilege of passing our lives in agreeable indolence. We flutter from pleasure to pleasure and from beauty to beauty. There is not a female at our court that I have not had in my net, but not one has been able to keep me constant.

Evander. Then they must all have been very plain, or thy heart is insensible as the plants in winter.

Lord. By no means. They are lovely as the Graces, and as for me I have too much sensibility for beauty to love only one maiden. This constancy is in the polite world a most ridiculous thing. To sigh continually for the same female. —Ha! ha! ha! I loved some years ago in that way, but I now know how to conquer this silly passion. The maiden too was fair as Venus. By

Evander and an officer of the guards.

Jupiter! I loved her for a whole year. Ha! ha! ha!

Evander. O simple mortal! to boast of thy art of banishing from thy bosom the highest happiness the gods have bestowed on us, and of cheating thyself of the sweetest pleasures of life. Thou mightest as well persuade thyself that the sweet pear is bitter, and that the perfume of the rose is offensive.

Lord. You will soon learn to consider this strange mode of thinking ridiculous; it is the consequence of your low education.

Evander. The gods forbid! Sooner will the apple-tree be converted to a useless thorn-bush.

Lord. I must go, prince. Adieu.

Evander. Yes, go. thy conversation is not pleasing to me.

Lord, (going). O gods! what a ridiculous, what a simple creature it is! What a pity to take him from his flock!

SCENE V.

EVANDER AND AN OFFICER OF THE BODY GUARD OF THE PRINCE.

Evander. Is that silly man gone at last? I will ask him who is approaching why he walks armed in that manner. Who art thou, friend, whose appearance is so formidable? Why dost thou carry that spear in thy hand, and what is that by thy side?

Officer. My sword, prince.

Evander. But why dost thou drag these formidable weapons about with thee, at a time of joy? I

Evander and an officer of the guards.

should laugh at the man who should carry with him in the winter all the implements he uses in summer to cultivate his garden and his field.

Officer. I am the chief of the body-guard of the prince, your father.

Evander. Are there then many who are always armed in this manner?

Officer. Yes, many, and all armed in this manner. Ha! ha!—Pardon me, but I cannot forbear laughing.

Evander. You must dwell in a very wild and dangerous country.

Officer. Why, prince?

Evander. Because you are obliged to be constantly on your guard. You must have a great number of wolves and other ravenous beasts there? Among us, such precautions are unnecessary; they seldom injure our cattle. Such a country as yours cannot be favorable for flocks.

Officer. We live in a land where those animals are known only by name.

Evander. You are then over-careful thus to guard your sovereign without necessity.

Officer. No, not without necessity, prince. Many a sovereign has been put to death by his own people. It is our duty to keep them in awe, and prevent their rebelling against him.

Evander. But these must be wicked people, among whom I should not like to live. Is it not the same as if a father should need protection against his own children? Or are there perhaps sovereigns so wicked as to excite the just resentment of their people?

Officer. And if there were, what is that to the

Evander and an officer of the guards.

people? There are many princes, who have no other laws than their wills and their passions; whose conduct towards their subjects is such, that at length, irritated to frenzy, they rise against their sovereign and destroy him.

Evander. O gods! into what a land are ye about to lead me! And it is then your duty, when a prince is wicked, to over-awe his oppressed subjects. It makes me shudder: I cannot comprehend this horrible system. It is as if, when a ferocious wolf attacks our flocks, there were people who should claim a right to drive away all who attempt to rescue their sheep. But my father cannot retain you for that purpose?

Officer. No; but that is not our only duty. When a prince wishes to extend his dominions, we march into a neighboring country, where we are met by as many, or perhaps, a greater number of men armed like ourselves; we stand in good order opposite each other and kill as many of the other party as we can: he who is the bravest ——

Evander. I beg your pardon. Who are the bravest? What do you mean by the term?

Officer, (aside). Gods! I cannot forbear laughing. I must speak to him as if he were a child; he has no idea of what is great and noble. *(To Evander).* He who has killed the most enemies, who has done the most injury to the foe,—his image is cast in brass or sculptured in marble, as a memorial of his glory.

Evander. Horrible! O let me know no more! I shudder. But, one question still;—my father is not so cruel?

Officer. No, he is not a warlike prince; our

honorable body has gained but little glory during his reign.

Evander. And to you this is a subject of regret? O gods! can glory and honor be obtained by murdering those whom we have injured! Among us a man would be detested, who should kill his neighbor in his field, that he might appropriate it to himself; and this compared with what thou hast been describing, would be a trifle.

Officer. Yes, in a trifling way such things cannot be permitted. A man of that description must be hanged without mercy.

Evander. O, I will leave thee! thy words fill me with horror. I will ask no more, see no more. But gods! here is another already.

SCENE VI.

EVANDER AND A COURTIER.

Courtier, (prostrating himself on the earth). Permit me, most gracious prince ——

Evander. What a strange man is this? What art thou doing? Dost thou seek something thou hast lost?

Courtier. No, my prince! permit me to appear before you in this humble attitude, and ——

Evander. How extraordinary! This is the way in which my friendly dog fawns on me when he has not seen me for a long time. But why dost thou behave thus?

Courtier. To recommend myself to your favor and to tell you that I am your most faithful slave.

Evander. A slave? How I pity thee! By what misfortune hast thou been brought into this misera-

Evander and a philosopher.

ble condition, that, as I have heard, is the most wretched, in which a man can be placed?

Courtier. My prince! I am not one of those miserable slaves, who have been deprived of their liberty by misfortune, or have forfeited it by their crimes. I surrender it by my own choice; out of reverence to you, I sacrifice my liberty to your gracious will; happy, if ———

Evander. As far as I can collect from thy extraordinary speech, thou art a contemptible fool. What strange people are these! I am quite distracted; I wish it may all be a dream. Yonder is one of a more respectable appearance. O tell me, friend! whether I wake or dream. Venerable man! in thee I hope to find a rational being.

SCENE VII.

EVANDER AND A PHILOSOPHER.

Philosopher. You are not mistaken, prince! With me you will find the key of every science. He who avails himself of my instructions will become more learned and more honored than a king.

Evander. How I rejoice to have found thee! Thou art then acquainted with the science of cultivating the fields and of rearing plants.

Philosopher. No!

Evander. Of managing flocks and curing their diseases?

Philosopher. No!

Evander. Perhaps thou knowest the healing properties of the plants and herbs?

Philosopher. No!

Chloe, Alcimna, servant of Arates.

Evander. Or the Muses are propitious to thee, and thou composest beautiful songs which animate the minds of men?

Philosopher. What? I a poet? Gods! one of the most despicable of mortals!

Evander. This is wonderful! Then thou hast studied the mind of man, thou knowest what is beneficial to him and canst direct him the way to happiness?

Philosopher. I never bestowed my attention on trifles.

Evander. What canst thou know, that is more important than all these things?

Philosopher. I measure the courses of the stars; I understand the languages spoken by distant nations; I have computed how many grains of sand lie upon a mile of ground, and have lately discovered two new spots in the moon, with which Endymion himself was not acquainted.

Evander. O ye gods! Now I will flee! O leave me! leave me! It will be long before I recover from this distraction.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

CHLOE, ALCIMNA AND A SERVANT OF ARATES.

Alcimna. See, mother! there are the tents. I am quite afraid to go among these people.

Chloe. Yes, there they are. But take courage.

Chloe, Alcimna, servant of Arates.

These great men from the city always behave kindly to maidens.

Alcimna. That is the very thing which makes me uneasy.

Servant. Remain here. I will go into the tent and acquaint my master with your arrival.

Alcimna. But is my garland right. Thou didst not allow me time to weave a fresh one, or to look in the stream, whether it was in order. These gentlemen will say that I am ——

Chloe. I cannot help laughing. The desire of pleasing every thing that has eyes appears to be innate in the girl.

Alcimna. No, I am satisfied if I but please my shepherd. But tell me ——

Chloe. Yes, child! it is perfectly right.

Alcimna. But what have we to do here? I wish it was over.

Chloe. Thou wilt here learn what will astonish thee, my dear child! Thou wilt soon leave my hut and this country.

Alcimna. O gods! forbid it. How uneasy thou makest me!

Chloe. Thou wilt go with these gentlemen to the city, child.

Alcimna. Never. Let me go, and conceal myself in the recesses of the wildest thicket from these people. Let us go, before any one comes, or I will flee alone.

Chloe. Stop a little.

Alcimna. In the name of all the gods, let me go.

Chloe. But hear, child, what I have to say. Thou wilt here find thy real father.

Alcimna. What? Shall I find my father?

Arates, servant, attendants, Chloe, Alcimna.

Chloe. Yes. I am not thy mother, though I love thee more than if thou wast my own child.

Alcimna. And canst thou be so cruel as to say so?

Chloe. I am not indeed, child! Thou art of a great family in the city. It is now sixteen years since the same man, who conducted us hither, brought thee to me, because thy father had received that direction from the gods in a dream. He is now come to receive thee back.

Alcimna. Gods! how astonishing is thy account. But it must be true; thou wouldst not tell me such an extraordinary tale merely to amuse me. If it be so, thou and Evander must accompany me to the city; won't you? I will not go without you; indeed I will not. See, some one advances from the tent; a gentleman in a splendid dress. How friendly he looks! How my heart beats! If any of these be my father I wish it may be he.

SCENE II.

ARATES, SERVANT, TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS, CHLOE, AND ALCIMNA.

Arates, (coming from the tent to his servant). Thou, my faithful friend, shalt not go unrewarded for thy important services. Thou art certain this is the woman to whose care thou gavest the child?

Servant. Quite certain, my lord! I should have known her again by her features, even if she had not been able to produce the ring, which I have delivered to you. Your daughter too, is so lovely, that you will gladly acknowledge her as such. There she stands.

Arates, Servant, Attendants, Chloe, and Alcimna.

Arates, (approaching her). Welcome, O welcome, my daughter, best gift of the gods! Embrace me, my beloved child!

Alcimna. Thou art my father! my beating heart tells me so.

Arates. Thy happy father! O what transport!

Alcimna. O my father!

Arates. Thanks be to the gods, who have brought this affair to such a happy conclusion! O, excellent woman, how well has thy care been bestowed!

Chloe. My lord! the gods have rewarded me for my trouble. I give you back your lovely daughter.

Arates. O what charms has innocence of manners and of heart! Woman, thy care shall not be unrewarded. Once more, embrace me, my beloved child!

Alcimna. I embrace thee, dear father!

Arates. Chloe may return to her business at home, till I send for her again. I will now hasten to the prince, to acquaint him with my happiness. Meanwhile, my child, remain here, with these attendants I have provided for thee. I will soon meet thee again in our tent.

Chloe. Farewel, my daughter! I shall ever call thee by that name. I will now return to my hut.

Alcimna. Farewel, mother! But do not leave me long. Thou wilt return soon?

Chloe. Yes, after I have attended to my little domestic concerns.

Alcimna and Two Attendants.

SCENE III.

ALCIMNA, AND TWO ATTENDANTS.

First Attendant. How happy we are to have been pitched upon for your service!

Second Attendant. Yes, we shall be truly happy, if you deign to honor us with your favor.

Alcimna. You are very kind, to conceive such an attachment for me, whom you but just now see for the first time, damsels!

First Attendant. We are entirely at your command; your noble father has placed us near you for that purpose.

Alcimna. But if I were to think for an hour, I should not recollect any thing that I have to command you. How can one person have so many wants as to require the constant attendance of two people to satisfy them. They must either have nothing to do but to look at her, or she must be a very extraordinary and whimsical creature.

Second Attendant. A lady of quality should employ herself with no occupation but what is elegant and polite; every thing else belongs to us. Your looks command and we fly to obey; there are always a thousand trifles which you may want to have done.

Alcimna. I cannot comprehend you; I can scarcely forbear laughing. That would be as if I wished for a violet which I saw close to me, and instead of plucking it myself, I were to desire one of my companions to do it for me.

Alcimna and Two Attendants.

First Attendant. And so you ought, even if the violet were ever so near you.

Alcimna. I can never be so indolent and unreasonable.

Second Attendant. Permit me to tell you, that you must exchange the simple manners of the country for those of the court. A woman of quality must live suitably to her rank.

Alcimna. But, in my opinion, our simple manners are better and more convenient, because they are taught us by nature, and do not require to be learned with as much trouble and difficulty as a bird learns a strange song. Tell me something of the manners of the city; I fear, I fear, they will be very irksome to me.

Second Attendant. In the morning, when you awake, and that must not be till near noon—for ladies of quality never awake at the same time as the common people ——

Alcimna. Not till noon? Shall I then no longer hear the gay morning songs of the birds; no longer see the sun rise?

First Attendant. O! those are trifles, which people of rank laugh at.

Alcimna. That must be a pretty kind of life which has such a promising beginning. But proceed!

Second Attendant. Both of us will then assist to dress you, which must occupy above an hour; and you afterwards employ the remainder of the morning in finishing your dress.

Alcimna. That must be an extraordinary kind of dress, which, with the help of two assistants, I could not put on in less than an hour. As you see

Alcimna and two attendants.

me, and I am as neatly and as well-dressed as any maiden in this country, I have always washed my face in the stream, and bound up my hair, and entwined it with a fresh garland, and placed new-blown flowers in my bosom, and all by sun-rise.

First Attendant. That is proper enough for a country maiden.

Second Attendant. You will then receive visits. On your arrival in town, you will be the subject of conversation in every company. All the youth of the court will hasten to see the stranger: you will be received with a thousand entertainments, music, dancing, feasts, and every pleasure that imagination can invent.

Alcimna. Your people are certainly very complaisant; but it will be extremely irksome to me, if I must always do what they please, and am prevented from following my own inclination.

First Attendant. Your beauty will attract a crowd of admirers. You must observe to behave with great civility to all, but to give too much encouragement to none. The more lovers a lady has languishing at her feet, the more she is an object of envy. Think how flattering it will be, when one endeavors to surpass the other in wit, splendor and attention to you. This is the most charming period of a lady's life.

Alcimna. For me it will not be so; no, certainly it will not.

Second Attendant. Why? Do not you think it delightful to be adored by all the young gentlemen, and to be envied by all the females?

Alcimna. No; I think it the very contrary; because I neither can nor will dissemble; because I

Alcimna and Two Attendants.

will never encourage any one who is indifferent to me, to believe that I entertain an affection for him; and because all the attentions of those gentlemen would be disagreeable to me, since I can love none but him to whom my heart is already attached.

Second Attendant. What! your affections are already engaged?

Alcimna. Yes, yes; I am not ashamed to own it. I love a shepherd with my whole heart, and he loves me above every thing. He is fair as the rising sun, and lovely as the spring. The song of the nightingale is scarcely so sweet——

First Attendant. Ha! ha! ha! Pardon us my lady! we cannot forbear laughing. Before you have been long in town you will forget this shepherd. You will soon laugh at him yourself, when you have seen the gay and elegant youths, whom you will there meet. O how easy it will be for you to banish a simple shepherd from your heart. But as for him, poor swain! he will never recover the disappointment; he will sigh forth his lamentations to the trees!

Alcimna. Spare your ridicule, I entreat you. Before I forget him, I shall forget myself. Far from me be your insupportable elegancies! Him, and him only, will I love. Yes, my beloved! sooner shall these trees decay, and these meadows become barren; sooner shall the sun cease to diffuse his cheering beams, than I prove faithless to thee! I swear to thee——

First Attendant. Do not swear! Your father will not suffer you thus to disgrace your noble birth.

Alcimna (angrily). Noble birth? What dis-

Alcimna and Two Attendants.

tinction is that? Is not every birth noble that is honorable? O! I cannot understand your unnatural refinements, and I will not understand them. My father, I know, is more reasonable; he will not require me to relinquish what I most ardently love, and to love what I hate. With pain I leave you, ye silent shades! ye lovely scenes! ye delightful and innocent employments; and exchange you for the tumult of a court; but I leave you to accompany a beloved father. He cannot have sought me here to render me miserable; and I should be wretched, inexpressibly wretched, were he to separate me from him I so dearly love. O destroy not my hopes my friends; he cannot intend to separate us?

Second Attendant (aside). The poor child is so deeply in love that she will not accompany us to town, if we deprive her of all hope. (*To Alcimna*). Your father was always indulgent; I hope he will concur in your wishes.

Alcimna. I not only hope, but I believe that he will. When I see him, I will embrace him, I will cling round him as the ivy to the lofty tree; my tears and entreaties will certainly move him, and—— But let me go, my shepherd will be quite impatient at my long absence.

First Attendant. Excuse me; you cannot see him now.

Alcimna. What? Not see him?

First Attendant. No.

Alcimna. O let me go! Why should I not see him?

Second Attendant. We have received orders to

Evander.

conduct you to your tent, and to dress you in a manner suitable to your rank.

Alcimna. But that will detain me too long; you must promise not to be an hour about it.

Second Attendant. No, not longer than a few minutes.

Alcimna. Well then, make haste, or——

SCENE IV.

EVANDER.

(In the Dress of a Prince.)

How long I am every where detained! What a tumult and confusion! How long it is since I saw my Alcimna! It is already evening, and who knows how long she has waited for me by the stream. I hastened too late to the spot, and sought her there in vain. In vain I sought her in all the shades consecrated to our love. Alas! that I cannot find her! Does she know what has happened in the mean time? O how I long to communicate it to her, if she is still ignorant, to tell her that she alone can make me happy. Yes, my beloved! in thy arms I shall recover from this distraction; my father is not yet acquainted with my love, but why should he disapprove of my affection for the loveliest, the best of maidens? He cannot. Nor will he desire that I should violate the oath which I have sworn at the altar of the gods; for among all the daughters of princes none is lovely as she. I will seek her; she shall array herself in her festival dress, which is white as snow, and entwine a fresh wreath in her hair; I will then lead her to my father, and tell him how often I have solemnly sworn

Evander.

eternal love to her. But will she cheerfully accompany me; will it not be painful to her to abandon these tranquil shades? Yes, but she loves me, and her affection for the object of her love will overcome every other attachment. I will go to her; how great will be her astonishment, to behold me in this dress! How inventive is man; what magnificence have I seen in my father's tent! Can men want all these things? How little do we here require, and yet we are contented; I never missed any of those luxuries, and yet they appear to be necessary to these people. But can he be happy, who has so many wants? Hitherto my garments were handsome and convenient, and a white or speckled goat-skin hung gracefully from my shoulders; but they clothe themselves in apparel variegated like the meadows in spring. I fear, I fear, my days of tranquillity and joy are past. I am summoned to important duties; may the gods assist me. As far as I can see, these men have a disposition very different from us. They seek to obtain what they denominate happiness and pleasure, in an extraordinary manner. Here we enjoy it unsought. Yes, ye tranquil shades, ye placid streams, ye delightful scenes, amid which the years of my youth so happily passed away, I leave you for a life to which I am yet a stranger! Ye flocks which I have tended with such care, I leave you to govern a nation which entrusts its happiness to me! It is indeed delightful to provide for the welfare of so many; but will not this burthen be too heavy for my strength? O ye happy days! never shall I forget you. Oft as the spring returns, will I visit these scenes, and thou, Alcimna, shalt accompany me.

Then, beneath every shade that has refreshed us, we will offer sacrifice to the gods. O Alcimna! I now hasten into thy embrace; with thee my throbbing heart will recover from this distraction; with thee ——

SCENE V.

PYRHUS AND EVANDER.

Pyrhus. My son, it is a long time since I saw thee. Why hast thou been absent so long?

Evander. I have been visiting, for the last time, those peaceful scenes to which I must bid adieu.

Pyrhus. Dost thou then leave them with regret? Tell me; have the riches and the splendor, with which thou art blessed by the gods, no charms for thee?

Evander. This magnificence certainly excites my astonishment. Thy tent glistens with almost as many colors as a flowery meadow, sparkling with the morning-dew: but it is not so beautiful. I have seen a thousand things with whose names and uses I am unacquainted. But tell me, father, is a prince always surrounded by such a crowd of tiresome people?

Pyrhus. Where power and riches are, the good and bad always assemble.

Evander. Just as the noxious insects, as well as the bees, swarm around the blossomed fruit-tree.

Pyrhus. Exactly.

Evander. But it is irksome to me, that they should continually throng around me with offers of

services for which I have no occasion. I cannot endure their abject submission, as if I were not a man like themselves.

Pyrhus. My son! these are the privileges of princes, which ill repay the anxiety of those who undertake to administer their laws, and to watch over their welfare.

Evander. But, father, if they were to chuse a prince from their own number, they would certainly chuse him who is the wisest and the best; and for this reason, their choice must have fallen upon thee. But how silly it is for them to say, that I shall once reign over them, before they know, whether I am wise or virtuous. Will any man employ another to cultivate his vineyard, before he knows whether he understands the management of the vine?

Pyrhus. Thou wilt have numberless questions of this kind to ask. But tell me why thou appearest so uneasy, as if thou hadst a reluctance to accompany me to my palace?

Evander. I should cheerfully accompany thee, father, if ——

Pyrhus. If, what?

Evander. If Alcimna—alas! ——

Pyrhus. Thou sighest, my son! *(aside).* He is yet ignorant of Alcimna's history. What an agreeable surprise I have in reserve for him!

Evander. If Alcimna may come with me.

Pyrhus. Alcimna! I have heard of thy passion, my son! But thou shalt see the daughter of Arates, whom I have chosen for thy wife.

Evander. Ah! father!

Pyrhus. How grievously thou wouldst disap-

Arates, Pyrhus, and Evander.

point my hopes, if thou didst not cheerfully comply.

Evander. O gods! how miserable am I!

Pyrhus. Thou needest only to behold her, to love her: she is fair as the day.

Evander. O, my father! permit —— it is impossible for me ———

Pyrhus. Hush; here is her father.

SCENE VI.

ARATES, PYRHUS, AND EVANDER.

Arates. Permit me, prince, to introduce to you my daughter, whose fate has been so much like your own. But why so melancholy, prince?

Evander. I must see her, since my father commands me. *(aside).* O ye gods! my father has consigned me to wretchedness!

Arates. I hope no misfortune has interrupted the happiness of this joyful day?

Pyrhus. Love causes him to abandon these scenes with regret.

Arates. The prince may chuse among the fairest maids of high descent.

Pyrhus. I have, according to the best of my judgment, selected a bride for him, and this has made him inconsolable. Where is your fair daughter?

Arates. Here she comes.

Evander, Pyrhus, Arates, and Alcimna.

SCENE VII.

EVANDER, PYRHUS, ARATES, AND ALCIMNA.
(*With her attendants in the back-ground of the scene.*)

Alcimna. O ye gods! must I then be exposed to the gaze of the prince, and can I not see him whom alone I love, whom alone I ever will love!

Evander, (in an attitude of deep sorrow, covering his face with his hand). I hear her coming, unhappy wretch that I am!

Alcimna. Here I am at last. But my grief prevents me from speaking.

Evander, (looking up with surprize.) Am I not deceived? I know that plaintive voice. Is ——

Alcimna. Gods! support me, my friends! support me! Is that the prince? O Evander!

Evander. O transport! What do I see! Art thou Alcimna?

Arates. Gods! What do I see? what extacy beams from their eyes!

Evander, (running to Alcimna and embracing her). No; no dream deceives me. It is, it is my Alcimna.

Alcimna. O Evander! my beloved! what rapture! how wonderfully have we met again!

Evander. But a moment ago, I considered myself the most wretched, and now I think myself the happiest of human beings.

Alcimna. And I, who expected to die of grief, am unable to express my transport.

Evander, Pyrhus, Arates, and Alcimna.

Pyrhus. May the gods bless your love, my children; they have destined you for each other. *(To Arates).* Are you satisfied, my friend?

Arates. I am not yet sufficiently recovered from my surprise, to express my joy and my gratitude to you.

Pyrhus. Let us go, my children! The shepherds of the hamlet shall assist in celebrating this joyful festival.

ERASTUS.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

ERASTUS.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

ERASTUS.

SCENE I.

The Scene is a solitary Spot before the Cottage of Erastus, surrounded by Trees and Bushes.

ERASTUS.

(With a fowling-piece, which he discontentedly lays down.)

I RETURN unsuccessful. As our bread was all consumed, I went out in the hope of killing some innocent animals: in vain have I wandered the whole afternoon on the parched mountains, in the scorching heat. Hunger will soon put an end to our misery. I will go in. But, no: let me first recover from my ill-humor; I must conceal it from Lucinda. O God! how cheerfully does that virtuous woman endure poverty, extreme poverty and wretchedness, to enable me to support my fate. And when she weeps in solitude over our mutual distress, and she hears me coming, she wipes the tears from her eyes, and greets me with a friendly smile, that she may not give me pain. O God! thou wilt not suffer such virtue to go unrewarded. How richly she deserves to be happy! I could still be easy, were it not for the tormenting thought that I am the cause of her misery, and that of our poor children; and that I can do nothing to requite her generosity, wounds me to the heart. Our distress

daily increases, and our situation becomes more desperate. The little I possessed is gone; to whom can I apply for relief? The late storm has likewise destroyed the promise of the ripening harvest; to whom can I turn, when my own father leaves me to struggle with my fate, when my letters, those moving pictures of my misery, have never touched his heart? It is now five years since I last wrote, and none of my letters has he condescended to answer. O! how can a father be so cruel as to abandon his child a prey to wretchedness? And my whole crime is, that I kept the most sacred promises made to a female whom he disapproved, and refused to plunge her into indigence and dishonor, after she had yielded to my most solemn protestations; a female possessing every accomplishment of mind and person, but without fortune. Had I complied with the severe will of my father, had I exposed the woman who deserves universal reverence, to the scorn and censure of the unfeeling world—heavens! would not the highest honors and riches have been insupportable to me? Would not the infernal horrors of remorse have embittered the remainder of my life? Now, in the midst of our affliction, there is something soothing in that tender sympathy which each feels for the sufferings of the other, in that affectionate solicitude to alleviate each other's griefs. But these tears which we shed for one another will not always flow. Perhaps my father, touched with compassion, may at length —— Here comes my little son. O God! what will become of my children! I will dry my tears, and endeavor to look cheerful, that I may not afflict the poor boy.

Erastus and his youngest Son.

SCENE II.

(His youngest son runs to him and clings round his knee.)

Son. My dear father!

Erastus. My dearest child. Whence come you so gay?

Son. From the hill yonder, where I have been stopping with the little goat-herd. How sorry I was for him!

Erastus. Why, my child?

Son. He sat by his goats and wept. "I have had nothing to eat the whole day," said he, "and I am very hungry." "There is something for you," said I, giving him my dinner, which I had kept. I was hungry too, but I rejoiced to see him eat so heartily, and with such pleasure.

Erastus. Excellent child! The Almighty bless thee!

Son. The little goat-herd would have done the same, if he had seen me crying for hunger, and he had any thing to give.

Erastus. You knew that we had no more bread left at home?

Son. I had some, however, and I was glad that I had it to give him. You have often told us, that God always provides for those who do good to others.

Erastus. Kiss me, my son! O God! thou wilt not suffer such innocence to perish in misery! *(Wiping his eyes).*

Son. But you weep, father! Ah! weep not my dear father!

Erastus. No, I am not weeping, my child! Go now to the brow of yon hill, and try if you can discover your brother coming from the mountains, or Simon returning from the town.

Son. I will, father. *(Exit).*

SCENE III.

Erastus, (alone). O what anguish oppresses my heart! Never, never have I known such distress! *(He walks about in profound thought)* O God! O God! —— the best of wives, and these innocent children! —— O support me, thou who directest my fate; support me that I may never murmur at thy wise dispensations, nor doubt thy providence! I must not enter the cottage, till I have disguised my griefs with the appearance of serenity. Kind nature comes to my assistance; this cool breeze gently dries my tears.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA AND ERASTUS.

Lucinda. Welcome, my beloved! *(pressing his hand).* Thrice welcome, dearest Erastus!

Erastus, (embracing her). Welcome, dearest wife! How have you spent the hours since we parted?

Lucinda. Very happily; as happily as I can spend them without you. I have sung as I worked.

Erastus. You always bear misfortune like a heroine.

Lucinda. I am happy in possessing you and ever-

animating virtue. I am wretched only when you think yourself unhappy.

Erastus. Heavens! what tenderness for me, who have brought you into a state which would drive persons of less exalted minds to despair!

Lucinda. O, for heaven's sake, my beloved, disturb not our peace by reflections so injurious to my tenderness. I declare, by all that is sacred, that my tranquillity is not assumed. Possessing you I am happy; but, deprived of you, every earthly blessing would afford no pleasure.

Erastus. And can it be, that, in spite of our extreme indigence, in spite of our forlorn situation, your serene countenance speaks the tranquillity of your heart, and that it is not often a disguise assumed to conceal your grief?

Lucinda. I never grieve but when I see you unhappy.

Erastus. O what tenderness!

Lucinda. Consider how many thousands are still poorer than ourselves; and should we suffer discontent to make us more wretched than they?

Erastus. Not poorer than we are now; no bird under the heavens is so poor. We have no food in our hut. In vain have I wandered over the mountains in search of game; I have returned unsuccessful. Still I could endure it; your fortitude would support my drooping spirits; but when I see our children —— O God! my heart bleeds, when I see the starting tears which they repress for fear of afflicting us.

Lucinda. My friend, let not a misfortune, which as yet is but imaginary, plunge us into despair. Our eldest son, who is gone into the wood to collect

fruit, will not return empty-handed; and if he even should, we may still hope that Simon will bring some relief from the town.

Erastus. I am ashamed, my beloved! that every disappointment should make such an impression on my mind.

Lucinda, (shewing him a piece of embroidery). And besides my beloved! see here — this piece of work is finished. Simon may take it to-morrow to the merchant's wife, who has always paid me a good price for my work. Let us not be impatient, my beloved! Recollect, that when our circumstances appeared to be at the worst, relief was always at hand.

Erastus. What a treasure of consolation you always find in your exalted soul! I cannot, however, divest myself of my anxiety for the fate of our children. Abandoned by all, what path can we point out to them, to lead them to happiness?

Lucinda. The path of virtue, my beloved!

Erastus. Yes, but suffering virtue is a melancholy spectacle: and how difficult it is, surrounded by external wretchedness, to preserve our virtue unspotted within our bosoms! Alas! happy will it be for them, if they can drag on a wearisome life in stations far beneath the rank to which their birth entitled them, without being obliged to associate with the lowest of the people. O my father, may you never, never feel the anguish which your severity inflicts on my soul, not even though your grand-children should, unknown by you, beg a morsel of bread at your door! O God!

Lucinda. Your imagination paints their future

fate in colors much too gloomy. How many avenues has Providence opened to prosperity!

Erastus. Yes, but those who are oppressed by misfortune are always excluded from them. Have we not ourselves experienced this? When my father had abandoned me, when we were stripped of our little property and plunged into indigence, what hope, what counsel, what assistance was then left us? The world rejected us, and what could we do?

Lucinda. Forsake the world, seek a solitary refuge in this delightful spot, and commit the direction of our fate to Providence.

Erastus. But, a state in which it is necessary to summon all the powers of reason to ward off despair, is not the condition in which I wish them to be placed.

Lucinda. The circumstances, in which Providence for wise purposes has placed us, are not so very wretched. How ungrateful it is to murmur against its decrees! I have just been visiting our neighbor. Is not her situation much more deplorable than ours? She is old, and much poorer and more forlorn than we; she has long been afflicted with a painful illness, and has no other prospect in this life than a continuation of poverty and pain; and yet how seldom do their united attacks overcome her patience! Her only hope is death, and before its arrival what lingering tortures may she not probably endure! And should we, who enjoy the advantages of education and cultivated understandings, render ourselves, by our own pusillanimity, more unhappy than she is?

Erastus. God forbid, my beloved!

Lucinda. No, my beloved, no: blessed be that Providence whose infinite wisdom directs all things for the best, whose love is extended to all its creatures, and who watches with equal solicitude over the smallest and the greatest. This it is that preserves the bird which chirps on the spray, the bee which hums around us, and the worm which creeps at our feet. And should we murmur against its dispensations, because our present condition is not the most enviable? Recover your spirits: see how the charming landscape smiles upon us, and rosy evening embellishes the close of a day which has brought us nearer to the termination of our misfortunes.

Erastus. How great is my gratitude to you my beloved! O my Lucinda, how unspeakable is my happiness in possessing you! You have strengthened my feeble mind; you have inspired me with fresh courage; but this serenity is not like the radiance of a gay spring morning, it resembles the solemn tranquillity of silent midnight illumined by the full moon. Still it is interrupted by the thought, that my father has abandoned me, has banished me for ever from his heart. O my father, if thou shouldst die, and I, thy outcast son, may not weep beside thy death-bed, nor receive the last blessing from thy lips, at least think of me, think of the wretched being to whom thou gavest life, and bless me!

Lucinda. My dearest husband! your reason would have again raised itself above those melancholy thoughts; I only suggested those consolations which you would yourself have applied, but which would not perhaps have occurred to you at

the moment. O, how sincerely I join in your wish for your father. O God! it was I ——

rastus. For heaven's sake, suppress what you would have said: reproach not yourself. I should be unworthy of the happiness of possessing you, could I listen to the reflection.

Lucinda. No, my Erastus! I will not give you pain; but I cannot forbear expressing to you my hopes. How, if your father had forgiven you and were uneasy at the fate of his son, whom he —

Erastus. Yes, formerly that thought often cheered my most melancholy hours; it has often made me happy for whole days, when in vain, alas! in vain, I waited for an answer to our moving letters—letters, which, by heaven! would have drawn tears from the eyes of a stranger, of the most indifferent person, if he had accidentally found them in the road: and my father ——

Lucinda. How unjust should we be towards a father who loved you so tenderly, were we —

Erastus. O God! unjust indeed! O my father, canst thou for ever hate me, thou who once lovedst me with such tenderness, who wast so delighted to observe the dawn of future talents in my infant mind—canst thou hate me for ever? In my most serious hours, when I weep over thy anger, my conscience accuses me of no fault; had I any cause to reproach myself, then, O heaven! thy displeasure would be insupportable! Thou wilt, yes, thou wilt restore thy affection to me! Perhaps, O soothing thought! perhaps he already weeps over a son, whom he has abandoned to his fate. How delightful is this hope! I will write to him; I will employ every moving representation that our dis-

tress and filial love can suggest. Let us go into the hut; I will write to him this very day. Come, I shall want your assistance.

Lucinda. Come, my beloved! *(They go arm-in-arm into the cottage).*

SCENE V.

SIMON.

Are they gone?—Yes, if they do not immediately discover me again. 'Tis a bad sign that I must avoid them thus. And, my heart! *(laying his hand on his breast)*, how unmercifully it beats! What weight is this which oppresses my breast! No; leave me; why should I feel remorse for an act committed with the best of motives? Honest, old boy, thy conscience is too tender; what thou hast done would, under any other circumstances, have been criminal, but my intentions and my situation excuse it. No, it cannot be a crime. And yet I feel as if I were guilty of one. I hope no person will come before I have recovered myself. *(He takes out a purse of money).* It is a large sum; it will support us for a long time. But obtained by robbery—robbery on the highway! Why should that thought make my heart sink within me? Be quiet conscience! it was the first, and it shall be the last time. I would rather endure every hardship and live on good terms with thee, than revel in abundance and deserve thy reproaches. 'Twas to procure a slight relief for our extreme necessity, that I went and took — by force it is true — from the stranger, what he can only miss till he returns

Simon.

home, where he may supply the loss from his replenished coffers. By heaven! it is a shame, that so many scoundrels should riot in luxuries, while my excellent master and Lucinda and their children and myself, pine with want and hunger in this wilderness. Ha! my blood boils when I see those haughty upstarts, who consider the poor and the helpless as beasts of the field, wallowing in voluptuousness, and consuming in debauchery the riches they have acquired, principally by fraud and rapine; while the poor perish with famine, and the oppressed, with bitter tears, witness how they riot unmolested in the goods of this world. It is but just that they should seize their share. No, I repent not of the deed. I —— Heavens! I hear a rustling —— Some one is coming ——— No —— I shiver as if I had been dragged through cold water. Old fool! I shall make a sorry dissembler. But, that I may not be taken unawares, let me consider what I must say. I must not tell my master the truth. Silence, conscience! O! how one bad action leads to the commission of another! It must be so—I must tell a lie! I will say —— Well, what? old blockhead!—I will say —— I have —— Yes, simpleton, that would be a pretty story. I should betray myself at once. ——— Yes, yes, that will do. I must say a gentleman met me in the town, who knew me, though I did not know him; and he asked me if I was still in the service of Erastus. He then said, he — he was acquainted with our circumstances, and felt compassion, and — and — Hush! who is coming.—'Tis our two boys; can one not be quiet a moment? I shall play my part admirably.

SCENE VI.

SIMON, AND THE TWO SONS OF ERASTUS.

The two boys. Welcome, Simon.

Simon appears to be lost in thought.

First Son. You are not in a good humour, Simon!

Simon. Yes! but I have got something into my foolish head.

Second Son. You have staid a long time in the town.

Simon. I had a great deal to do there.

First Son. Have you brought any thing back with you?

Simon. O yes! plenty.

Second Son. O good Simon!

First Son. I have been seeking fruits in the wood. I have got a whole basketful.

Simon. Well done! you are a brave boy; we shall live well now.

Second Son. O how I wish to grow as big as my brother, that I may help you too.

First Son. My dear boy you will soon be able.

Second Son. Kiss me, my dear brother. *(They embrace).* How I love you! How father and mother will rejoice! We had not a morsel to eat, and now we have plenty. My poor mother was crying to-day at her work; I went into the room where she sat at her frame; she did not observe me, and wept and prayed so that I could not help crying too. She looked up and dried her eyes, as if she wished me not to know that she had been weeping.

Simon and the two sons of Erastus.

Tell us, Simon, why do my father and mother weep so often? It is so painful to me to see them.

First Son. And to me too. Tell us Simon, tell us the reason, if you know it.

Simon. I believe, children, they weep because they are so poor.

First Son. Poor? We poor?

Second Son. Our neighbors on the hill are poor, but not we.

First Son. I know how it is. It is only sometimes that we are poor. To-day we were poor, when we had nothing to eat. Now we have plenty. Or perhaps we are not rich now?

Simon. Ha! ha! ha! You are good children.

Second Son. You laugh at us Simon! But are not those rich who have enough. And we have now enough for many days.

Simon. Dear children!

First Son. Well, Simon; but tell us, if we are poor, what have they who are rich?

Simon. They have a superfluity of every thing.

First Son. But what can they do with it? Superfluity is when a person has more than he wants.

Simon. Yes, and few of them are contented with that.

Second Son. What strange people!

First Son. Then they doubtless give what they do not want to those who have nothing?

Simon. On the contrary, they often rob the poor of all they possess to add to their own store.

Second Son. O Simon! you are joking. Do you believe there can be such people, brother?

First Son. I cannot believe it, Simon! You should not tell stories.

Simon. It is positively true; the town is full of such people.

First Son. But if I had more than I wanted, I would give it to our poor neighbors on the hill, as my father and mother do.

Second Son. Yes, and so would I.

First Son. I know no greater pleasure. I can never help shedding tears of joy, when a poor creature thanks and blesses us so fervently for giving him what we can spare.

Second Son. Yes, yes, brother! that gives me more pleasure, than to catch the prettiest bird.

First Son. But tell us, Simon, why my father and mother weep. I can scarcely believe that it is because they are not rich.

Simon. I imagine it is, because when they were rich, they had more to spare, and could oftener enjoy the pleasure of relieving the distressed.

First Son. Yes, Simon, now you have certainly guessed it. Now I could cry too, because we are not rich. But come, brother! let us go into the hut. Come, Simon! come along!

SCENE VII.

SIMON.

I am once more alone. Yes, they are gone. Let me wipe this cold perspiration from my forehead. Now, cheer up! Now let us go into the cottage, and —— But what shall I say?—I fear I have forgotten it already in my agitation. Tremble not thus, old fool! Take courage! Raise thine eyes

from the ground! Thou art a sorry deceiver! I am too old to learn a new trade, and especially one that is so contrary to my nature. O if I succeed but this time! — I intended to tell them about a gentleman whom I had never seen before. Well? — Heavens! here he comes! Courage, my boy!

SCENE VIII.

SIMON AND ERASTUS.

Erastus. Welcome, my faithful friend! Are you not fatigued? It is a long walk to the town and back again.

Simon. No; I am not tired. I have brought some necessaries with me.

Erastus. Unload yourself: carry them into the hut, and then return to me. Supper will soon be ready.

(Exit Simon).

Erastus, (looking after him). Honest man! O that I may once be able to reward his services! Now, indeed, I again cherish the sweetest hopes. I have begun the letter, and will finish it this evening. What delicious hopes! but what agonizing fears! What transport, O God! what heavenly transport, if I receive an answer from my reconciled father. The very thought forces tears from my eyes. How shall I express my rapture, how shall I bedew the blessed paper with my tears! But what horror, what despair, if he should still remain unmoved! Listen, O God! listen to my supplication; in mercy tempt me not beyond my

feeble strength! Let not my father descend unreconciled into the grave! How, if I should send Simon with my eldest son?—The journey indeed is long. If that lovely, that innocent child were to deliver the letter to my father, to embrace the old man's knees, to beg his blessing, and to supplicate it too for me —— O excellent! excellent! Thus miserable mortals feast themselves with a thousand sweet delusions, to feel the more keenly the pangs of woe. Who is to maintain them both during the journey? O God! *(He walks pensively to and fro. Simon stands for some time on one side, before he observes him. At length he perceives him).* Are you here again, Simon? O my only friend! how happy shall I be, if I can once repay your kindness!

Simon. Your kindness to me repays every moment the little that I do for you.

Erastus. O no. How is it possible that I can ever make an adequate compensation for your friendship? When my father, and with him the whole world had abandoned me, you, faithful old servant, alone remained with me; you had nothing to hope from one who was himself bereft of all hope, and yet you accompanied me in all my misfortunes, you suffered with me hunger and want, renouncing, for my sake, those comforts you might elsewhere have procured.

Simon. O sir, how you magnify the little services I have performed for you! But you will never persuade me that I have done any more than my duty.—Here is ——

Erastus. What, my friend?

Simon. Only take it! Take it!

Simon and Erastus.

Erastus. How?—What?

Simon. Money—which I have brought with me from the town.

Erastus. All this money! Why does your hand tremble so?

Simon. My hand?—Does it tremble?—I suppose—for joy.

Erastus. You stammer! What is this?

Simon. Money, sir, money! we have so much need of it, and yet you do not rejoice!

Erastus. Your strange manner makes me uncertain whether I ought to rejoice. For heaven's sake, my friend, relieve me from this suspense! Who gave it you?

Simon. I —— I was charged not to tell you that.

Erastus. My friend! do not distress me. Take it back; I cannot accept it till I know in what manner you obtained it.

Simon. No—I will not take it again. How scrupulous you are!

Erastus. Well, Simon, then tell the truth.

Simon. As I was returning from the town—there—at the foot of the hill, I — I found it.

Erastus. It is false, honest old man! Your tongue betrays you.

Simon. I believe you can see into my heart.

Erastus. No: but you dissemble so ill when you tell untruths; and besides, you contradict yourself.

Simon. Well then! I did not find it. As I said ——

Erastus. As you said—What then?

Simon. Some one gave it me in the town.

Simon and Erastus.

Erastus. O Simon! Simon! Was it a friend of mine?

Simon. Undoubtedly he was. He looked like a gentleman, and asked me if I was still in your service.

Erastus. Well, go on.

Simon. I answered, yes; and he gave me the money to bring to you.

Erastus. Did you not know the generous man?

Simon. No, I do not recollect to have ever seen him before. *(Aside)* O that our conversation was at an end!

Erastus. I believe, indeed, that you never saw him before. O, my honest friend! why will you for the first time, attempt to deceive me?

Simon. That, however, is the truth. Excuse me, I must go. *(Exit).*

Erastus. This is wonderful; there must be some mystery at the bottom of this affair. Why should the good old man be so agitated? The last account appears as improbable as the first. I think I will follow him. I cannot be easy till I have discovered the bottom of this affair. *(Going.)*

Simon (comes back slowly, and stands with his eyes fixed on the ground). Pardon me — Sir — I cannot support the thought of having endeavored to deceive you. I should have no peace during the rest of my life. I will tell you the whole truth, as I wish likewise to know, whether what I have done is as bad as my conscience would make me believe.— I——

Erastus. For heaven's sake, speak!

Simon. I took it from a traveller.

Erastus. What? robbed him?

Simon. I will tell you all. As I was returning from the town and proceeding over the solitary mountains towards our wilderness, I seated myself on the summit of a hill to rest and looked down on the distant city. I gazed on the heaven-aspiring palaces, the resorts of debauchery, whose owners seem to have monopolized every temporal blessing, who suffer the poor and the wretched to pine unrelieved at their gates, and squander their riches in the gratification of base desires. I was goaded to madness by the consideration, that those wretches appropriate the best of every thing to themselves, while you, the most virtuous of men, who are worth more than ten of them put together, with the most excellent woman on the face of the earth, should languish in penury and wretchedness! Frantic with rage, I reflected on our situation, that we had not even a morsel to eat, while yonder many a fool who scarcely deserves bread and water, spends more in one day than would maintain a respectable man for a twelvemonth; while greater sums are there lost with perfect indifference on a card, than an industrious man can earn in a year, by those who swear like troopers if a wretched cripple presumes to ask them for a farthing; while many there lavish more in seducing the innocent children of virtuous parents, than would be sufficient to support a numerous family. "Is it just," thought I, "that the blessings of fortune, which were designed for all, should be so unequally divided, and that one individual should often squander what would afford a competency to thousands?" Such were my reflections; I took up my bundle and walked on, burning with resentment. Soon afterwards, I saw a

traveller well mounted and well dressed, advancing from a by-path towards me. "How, if I were to make this man share his purse with me? By heaven! that cannot be unreasonable," thought I. My indignation inspired me with courage, but my conscience again made me a coward. "He shall give me the half of what he has; that he shall, by heaven! We shall then have something to keep ourselves from starving for a long time. I want not superfluities; but it is not just that we should perish of hunger." The traveller was now close to me. I threw my bundle among the bushes; I felt as if some one would have held me back; my heart never beat with such violence. "Stop," cried I, with a faltering voice, laying hold of the bridle with one hand and presenting my hanger in the other: "give me, instantly, half of the money you have about you. Attempt not to cry out for assistance, or I will call my comrades, who are at hand, and then you may not escape so well." The traveller must have been a greater coward than myself; or he would have perceived my agitation and how I trembled as I held the bridle. He gave me this purse; I returned, I know not how into the thicket, and there awoke as from a dream. When I consider the matter on every side, I cannot think that in justice I deserve to be hanged.

Erastus. And could a man of your integrity resolve on such a deed?

Simon. I wished that the money had vanished between my fingers. But no! consider it rightly! all the circumstances of the case excuse me.

Erastus. No circumstances can excuse a premeditated crime.

Cleon, Erastus and Simon.

Simon. But I did not think it was a crime.

Erastus. I shall be uneasy till this money is restored to its lawful owner.

Simon. But how shall we find him? O the cursed money!—And besides he gave it with such willingness, as if he could well spare such a trifle. It only appears much to you; because you have not seen such a sum for many years.

Erastus. We are not justified in depriving another against his will of the smallest portion of his property. Go, Simon! go to the hill that overlooks the road; perhaps you may discover him.

Simon. Must I ——

Erastus. What?

Simon. Must I give him the money myself?

Erastus. Take it; I leave it to you to decide what you ought to do.

Simon. Well, I will run to the hill, and see if I can discover him in the road. But hush! I hear a horse coming. Who can it be? Perhaps I am discovered, and they are coming to seize and perhaps to hang me. But why should one always suppose the worst? Yonder comes some person! heavens! —it is he himself.

SCENE IX.

CLEON, ERASTUS AND SIMON.

Cleon. Sir, I have missed my way among the mountains and have lost my servant whom I sent before me to enquire the road. I have at length wandered hither; pardon me—*(perceiving Simon)* Heavens! I am undone!

Cleon, Erastus and Simon.

Simon. It is he himself! *(He steals to the back ground of the theatre).*

Erastus. What makes you start so, Sir?

Cleon. Spare me, Sir, I intreat you. That gentleman was so good as to demand only half of what I had, and I gave him much more. I have but enough left to defray the expences of my journey.

Erastus. O heavens! We are not a band of robbers; but unfortunate beings who have taken refuge from the world in this solitude. Forgive Sir, the terror we have caused you; the money of which you have been deprived shall be restored to you untouched. Simon!

Simon, (advances trembling to Cleon). Sir, I am ashamed to appear before you. Permit me to return that of which necessity and despair caused me to deprive you. I was just going to follow you to restore it to you. Alas! the wretched situation of my excellent master and his family, our extreme indigence urged me to commit a deed, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. The Almighty forgive me! There sir; take it back; take from me a burden, which would have oppressed me during the remainder of my life. *(While Simon is speaking Erastus surveys the stranger with fixed attention.)*

Cleon. Forgive the injustice I did you. I pity you sincerely. Accept this trifle, sir; I will not take it back. I wish it was a greater sum; but on a journey, one does not wish to burden one's self.

Erastus. Excuse me, Sir! it would be very unreasonable to deprive you of what is necessary for the expences of your journey. *(Aside)* Heavens! those features! that air!

Cleon, Erastus and Simon.

Cleon. Will you not allow me the pleasure of being of the least service to you? I have still sufficiert for my journey. I will then give it to this good man, whom I take to be your servant.

Simon. I have no scruples, I accept it most thankfully.

Erastus. O Sir! accept a thousand thanks. O God! I was once in a very different situation; I too have known the luxury of doing good. Excuse, O excuse these tears!

Cleon. My friend!—permit me to call you by that name—your manners and sentiments convince me that you are not of mean extraction. Some dreadful misfortune must have reduced you to this situation.

Erastus. O Sir! we have nothing left but virtue and a good conscience.

Cleon. O how I envy you, my friend! I possess all the blessings of wealth, but I would most willingly relinquish them to procure tranquillity of mind. I have committed an injustice which incessantly torments me; remorse, like a frightful spectre, follows my every step, and it appears as if I should never have the satisfaction of atoning for my fault in this world. Yes, Sir! weep with me: I deserve your compassion. O God! what horrors, what anguish will accompany the remaining days of my hoary age, if I should not find those whom I have injured. You, Sir, are still young: preserve, O preserve for your declining years, that inestimable treasure, a pure conscience. O God! what misery, when its pangs torment us in the evening of life, and pursue us even to the grave. Notwithstanding my age, I have long submitted to all the

fatigues of travelling in order to discover traces of those who, through my cruelty are perhaps—O horrible thought!—languishing in extreme misery, or who have perhaps already closed their wretched career! What earth covers their ashes? What heaven sheds its dews and its showers on their peaceful tomb? O if I but knew, I would hasten to the spot; I would strew my grey locks over their grave; there would I weep away the remainder of my days and await the long wished-for moment of death. Ah! wretched father that I am! You weep, my friend! I thank you for your compassion. God knows how justly my misery claims it!

Erastus. How natural it is for affliction to search every where for hope! Heavens!—No, it is not; it cannot be! O, how I pity you Sir! you are an unfortunate father, and I ——

SCENE X.

LUCINDA, CLEON, ERASTUS, AND SIMON.

Lucinda. My dear, how can you detain your venerable guest, who is perhaps fatigued, so long in the damp evening air? Will you, Sir, accept of such accommodations as our poverty can offer you?

Cleon. If you will permit me, your society will be highly agreeable to me.

Simon. Ha! Sir! O God, what do I see! Do not my eyes deceive me? O heavens! what have I found among the money.

Erastus. What is it?

Simon (to Cleon). Is that your name, Sir, on this note? *(giving him a paper).*

Lucinda, Cleon, Erastus and Simon.

Cleon. Yes, it is.

Simon. O God! I could weep like a child! It is your father, Sir! This is your son Erastus and Lucinda ———

Erastus. O my father! *(He falls with Lucinda at Cleon's feet.)*

Cleon. My children! O God! my transport deprives me of utterance ——— O my son, my daughter! but how altered! Heavens! what you must have suffered from my cruelty! But yes—it is, it is my son. I recognize thy features, though so changed by thy long, alas! too long affliction. O God! how wonderful! what unexpected happiness!

Erastus. O my father! my father!

Lucinda. And dare I call you by that name? May I bathe your hand with tears of joy? O my father!

Simon (leading the two boys from the hut). There, children, kneel down too! We are happy, unexpectedly happy. I scarcely know where I am for joy.

Cleon. O rise, support me, my son. My emotions are too powerful for my strength. Embrace me, all of you embrace me! And these are your children? O may heaven bless them! Lucinda, my daughter! Erastus! O God! thou hast at length put a period to my anguish. For three years my awakened conscience has tortured me with the keenest remorse; it is three years since a dangerous illness brought me to the brink of the grave, and at the prospect of death my cruelty towards you filled my soul with terror and dismay. As I moaned upon my bed, with what despair I pronounced your

Lucinda, Cleon, Erastus and Simon.

name. "O God!" I exclaimed, "let me not expire amid this torturing remorse; restore me to life and health, that I may find him; that I may lament my cruelty in his arms, and then with a reconciled heart and a serene conscience expire on his bosom." Long have all my inquiries been fruitless, long have I sought you in vain. Blessed hour! what happiness will now attend the remainder of my days. O forgive me, my children! forgive my cruelty, for which I have been so severely punished!

Erastus. My father!

Lucinda. Forbear, I beseech you, forbear thus to reproach yourself. Come into the hut: we all need some refreshment.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

A PICTURE OF THE DELUGE.

THE marble pinnacles were deeply buried beneath the floods, and black, mountainous billows rolled over the summits of the hills; only one still reared its lofty brow above the waters. From its foam-covered sides resounded the horrid cries of the wretches who, in despair, were hastening to its summit, while death rapidly pursued on the waves the footsteps of the fugitives. Here a fragment of the mountain being washed away, was whelmed with its whole burden of shrieking mortals into the foaming tide: there the bursting torrent carried away the son, assisting his exhausted father to ascend, or the disconsolate mother bending beneath the burden of her children.

The highest pinnacle of the mountain alone now rose above the watery waste. Here Semin, a noble youth, (to whom the most virtuous of maidens had just vowed eternal affection) had placed his beloved Semira. Alone they stood amid the howling tempest; all the rest had been swept away by the floods. The billows advanced towards them; the thunder rolled above their heads, and at their feet roared the raging ocean. A horrible darkness reigned around, save when the lightning illumined the ter-

A picture of the deluge.

rific scene. The black brow of each succeeding cloud threatened new horrors; every wave, charged with a thousand corses, rolled on amid the storm, seeking new destruction.

Semira pressed her lover to her throbbing bosom; tears, mingled with rain-drops, streamed down her pallid cheeks. With a faltering voice she said: "No hope remains for us, O my beloved! my Semin! A frightful death surrounds us on every side. What devastation! what horror! Every moment death approaches nearer! Which, O which of these waves will entomb us! Support me in thy trembling arms, O my beloved! Soon, very soon, we shall both be no more, overwhelmed in the general destruction.—Now— O God!—See how it advances! How dreadful, as illumined by the livid lightnings, it rolls towards us! O God! O avenger!" She said, and sank on Semin's bosom.

His trembling arm encircled the insensible Semira; his quivering lips were silent; he no longer saw the wide scene of desolation around him, he beheld only the beloved object reclined on his breast; he felt more than the anguish of death.

He now kissed her pale cheeks, washed by the chilling rain, pressed her more fervently to his bosom, and said: "Semira! beloved Semira! awake! O awake to this scene of terror, that thine eyes may once more gaze on me, that thy pale lips may once more acknowledge that thou lovest me even in death; once more before the floods close over us for ever."

He said, and she awoke; with a look of tenderness and unspeakable anguish she raised her eyes to him, and then fixed them on the surrounding

A picture of the deluge.

scene of desolation. " O God!" she exclaimed, " is there no hope, no mercy for us? O how the waves roar; how the thunders burst over our heads. What horrors announce thy anger, O God! Our years passed away in innocence, thou most virtuous of youths!—Alas! alas! they have all perished. Those who imparted to my life a thousand charms have all perished! And thou, the author of my being!—O horrible sight!—the floods tore thee from my side; once more thou raisedst thy head and thy hands as if to bless me, and wast engulphed in the watery abyss! Alas! they have all perished! And yet, O Semin! Semin! the solitary, desolate world would, in thy company, appear a paradise! O God! our youthful years passed away in innocence. Alas! is there no hope, no mercy?—But what do I say? O God, forgive the thoughts that burst from my breaking heart! What is the innocence of mortals in thy sight!"

The youth supported his beloved, unable to resist the violence of the tempest. " Yes, my Semira!" said he; " all that had life is swept from the face of the earth; the shrieks of expiring mortals no longer resound amid the roaring of the waters. O my beloved, my dearest Semira! the approaching moment is our last. The hope of life is fled; all the delights, which in the blissful moments of our love we anticipated, are fled for ever. We must die. Death approaches on the bosom of the waves, which already embrace our trembling limbs; but let us with becoming fortitude meet the general fate! We must die; and my beloved! consider what would be the longest and the happiest life—a dew-drop that is suspended to the rock and vanishes

before the morning sun. Take courage, my beloved! beyond this life is eternal bliss. Let us not tremble to pass into that happy state; embrace me, and thus let us await our dissolution. Soon, my Semira! very soon will our spirits soar above this scene of desolation and enjoy unutterable bliss. O God! such are the hopes which my soul indulges. Yes, Semira! let us raise our hands to the Almighty! Shall mortals presume to arraign his dispensations? He who breathed into us the breath of life, sends death to the just and the unjust. Happy are they, who have walked in the paths of virtue! It is not for life that we supplicate, thou righteous God! sweep us away in thy judgments; but strengthen our hope, that blessed hope of unutterable felicity which death shall never interrupt. Then roll ye thunders! then burst over us ye waves! Blessed, for ever blessed, be the righteous God, shall be the last thought of our departing souls."

Courage and joy again animated Semira's countenance. She raised her hands amid the tempest, and said: "I feel, I feel the most cheering hopes. Ye lips, praise the Lord; ye eyes, weep tears of joy, till ye are closed in death; a heaven of bliss awaits us. Ye beloved objects who have gone before us, we follow you; soon shall we be re-united. Their righteous spirits now surround his throne. Roll, ye thunders; howl, thou destroying tempest; ye sound forth the praises of his justice! Break over us, ye waves.—Look, my beloved! Embrace me—death approaches on yon black mountain-billow. Embrace me, Semin! leave me not.—The waves already bear me from the ground!"

A picture of the deluge.

" I embrace thee, Semira!" said the youth; " I embrace thee! Welcome, death! Blessed be the justice of the Eternal!"

They said, and the waves engulphed the lovers, clasped in each other's embrace.

THE WISH.

IF I might hope from fate the fulfilment of my only wish, I would not desire the superfluities of wealth, nor dominion over my fellow-creatures, nor to spread my fame in distant countries. I would wish to retire from the bustle of a town, where a thousand snares are laid for the virtuous, where custom has established a thousand follies, into rural solitude, and to pass my peaceful days in my cottage and little garden unenvied and unknown.

My lovely dwelling should stand in the shade of over-arching walnut-trees; cooling zephyrs should play before the windows, and sweet tranquillity should dwell beneath the embowering foliage. Through a small enclosure before its peaceful entrance a limpid stream should murmur among fruitful vines; in its waters the duck should sport with her young, while the gentle doves, flying from the shadowed roof, should walk nodding in the grass and the majestic cock should lead his clucking hens about the yard. At the well-known call they would hasten to the window, and with their noisy cries demand food from their master.

In the shady trees around the cottage the birds should dwell in undisturbed repose, and sing responsive from tree to tree. In one corner of my little inclosure should be ranged the habitations of the bees, whose useful industry affords a delightful spectacle. They would love to dwell near my cot,

if the saying of the countryman be true, that they only delight to reside where peace and tranquillity prevail. Behind my house should extend my spacious garden, where obedient art should lend its willing aid to perfect and improve the pleasing designs of Nature. A hedge of hazle-trees should inclose it, and in each corner should stand a vine-covered bower. Thither would I oft repair to avoid the scorching heat, or to see the sun-burnt gardener turning up the soil, to sow in its bosom the seeds of nutritious vegetables. Often incited by his industry to labor, I would take the spade from his hand, while he, standing by me, would smile at my inferior strength; or I would assist him in binding up the straggling branches of the shrubs, in tending the rose-bushes and in supporting the bending lilies and carnations.

A clear stream should meander through the rich meadow beyond my garden; and then wind its course through the shady grove of fruit-trees, intermingled with young and slender stems, which I would tend with my own hands. In the middle of the shade, its collected waters should form a small lake, and on a little island in its centre, I would construct a bower. With a vineyard on one side towards the open country, and a field waving with the golden grain, the richest monarch would be poor in comparison to me.

But far be my cottage from the dwelling of Dorantes where eternal tumult presides—Dorantes, who can decide the important question of peace or war, at whose luxurious board, the sciences are criticized and the errors of statesmen discussed, while majestic gravity conceals the shal-

lowness of his mind. Far from Orontes be my solitary habitation. He collects in his cellar the wines of remote regions. Nature to him is beautiful only on account of the delicacies which wing the air, or wander through the woods or inhabit the waters. He hastens to the country to enjoy unmolested his boisterous pleasures. May'st thou never have the misfortune to be left for one solitary day to the society of thyself—a society to thee the most intolerable. Thou may'st probably cast an appalling glance on thy past life? But no. Harassed steeds bring thee, foaming, their unworthy burthens; they spring with prophane imprecations from the innocent animals. Loud uproar and boisterous mirth reign at the board, and senseless intoxication concludes the disgusting scene. Still farther be it from thee, meagre Harpax, whose gates are guarded by half-starved dogs, which rob the poor wretch, repulsed from thy door, of the bread moistened with his tears. Far around the poor countryman is thy oppressed debtor: seldom doth the scanty smoke ascend from thy ruined chimney; for is it not just that thou shouldst endure hunger, whose riches are the accumulated spoils of thy wretched neighbors?

But whither will my indignation transport me? Return, ye pleasing images, return and restore serenity to my soul! Lead me back to the spot where stands my humble dwelling! The brown, shadowy cottage of the virtuous peasant shall rise near it. Generous aid and friendly counsel shall render each an agreeable neighbor to the other; for what is so delightful as to be beloved, as to be greeted with the smiles of those to whom we have done good?

While he who dwells in a town is wakened from

his slumbers by the distracting tumult; while lofty walls intercept the lovely view of the morning sun, and his imprisoned eyes are never cheered by the beauteous scenes of the rising day, I should be awakened by the soft breezes of morn and the gay concerts of the birds. I should spring from my couch and hasten to meet Aurora in the flowery mead, or on the neighboring hill, while my songs of transport should echo from its brow. For what is more delightful than beauteous Nature, when in harmonious confusion she displays the infinite variety of her charms? Presumptuous man! why seekest thou to embellish Nature by thy ridiculous arts? Construct labyrinths with verdant walls, and let the yew, at measured intervals, rear its pointed head; let the walks be of pure gravel and not a blade of grass disturb the steps of the wanderer.—Give me the rural mead and the entangled thicket; their variety and irregular disposition result from secret principles of harmony and beauty, which fill the soul with rapturous emotion.

Often would I wander in the solitary mazes of the thicket, or on the shore of the murmuring streamlet: there dark shades, here a rushing waterfall far from any path, would invite me to repose. O how delightful it is, when far from the "busy hum of men," no noise is heard around but the babbling of the brook, the buzzing of bees, or the rustling of the lizard stealing through the grass; when, in the solitary bower, I watch the play of light and shade on the paper on my knee, undisturbed, save when a gentle breeze blows it to the ground, or the little grasshopper leaps suddenly upon it, and alarmed again springs swiftly away.

The wish.

Often would I wander till midnight beneath the moon's mild beam, in solitary, pleasing meditation on the harmonious universe, while innumerable worlds and suns sparkle over my head.

I would go to see the peasant, whistling behind the deep-furrowing plough, or the merry reapers singing rustic songs, and would listen to the jocund tale and the sprightly jest. Or when autumn comes and paints the trees with various tints, I would repair to the echoing vineyards, while the youths and maidens laugh beneath the shade and pluck the ripe clusters. With shouts of joy they then return to the cottage, where, amid the loud creaking of the wine-press, a cheering repast awaits them. This is succeeded by the rustic joke and the loud laugh, while the friendly host replenishes the bowl and bids them be merry. One peasant now describes the long journies he has made; he tells of houses larger and grander than even the village church, and of lords, drawn in gilt chariots by six handsome horses, handsomer than any which the miller of the vale possesses. Thus he proceeds, while the attentive youth sits with open mouth, his hand supporting his head, and nearly forgets that his maiden is beside him, were she not, smiling, to pinch his cheek. Another then relates how his neighbor was pursued by a jack-a-lantern, how it settled on his basket and would have followed him to his very door, if he had not chased it away by swearing an oath. At length they leave the cottage to dance in the moon-beams till midnight summons them to repose.

When gloomy days with chilling rains, or inclement winter, or the sultry heat of summer deny me

the pleasure of a walk, I would shut myself up in my solitary chamber. There I would spend my hours with the noblest society, the pride and honor of past ages; with those great men who have transfused the stores of their genius into instructive books; whose society imparts dignity and elevation to the soul. This teaches me the customs of many nations and the wonders of Nature in distant countries; and that discloses her most secret operations. This developes the economy of nations and records their history, at once the disgrace and the honor of humanity; and that describes the powers of the mind and the charms of virtue. Around me should stand the sages and the bards of other days; their path is the way to what is truly beautiful; few venture to follow them; thousands who have attempted it, have returned and sought an easier track strewed with tinsel and scentless flowers. Shall I name the aspiring few? Thou, creative Klopstock! and thou, Bodmer, who, with thy faithful coadjutor, Breitinger, rearedst on high the torch of criticism, to eclipse those deceiving fires which conduct the wanderer into morasses or arid deserts; and thou, Wieland! whose Muse oft visits her sister, Philosophy, and from her secret stores procures materials for the most enchanting compositions; oft shall your strains inspire me with holy transport. And thou, picturesque Kleist, whose descriptions fill me with soft rapture, like the bright radiance of a serene evening: my heart is then peaceful and tranquil as the extended landscape in the silvery moon-beams. And thou too, Gleim! who singest of innocent gaiety and the sweetest feelings of our

The wish

hearts.* But why should I enumerate you all, ye distinguished few, whom not to know would be disgraceful? The latest posterity shall pronounce your names with reverence.

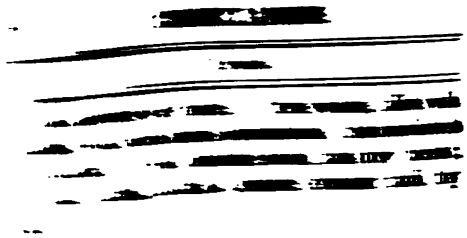
Often, too, would I commit to writing the songs composed in my lonely walks, in the dark forest, or by the rushing water-fall, or by moonlight in the vine-covered bower: or I would contemplate the performances in which the skilful artist has imitated nature, or would myself endeavour to copy her beauties on the extended canvas.

Often would a loud knocking at my door interrupt my studies. How delighted should I be, on opening it, to see a friend hastening into my arms! Often too, when returning from my walk to my lonely habitation, they would come singly or in groups to meet me. We would then wander together through the most delightful scenes; amid agreeable converse, now grave, now gay, mingled with the transports of friendship and the sallies of humor, the hours would pass too swiftly away. Hunger should season our repast, furnished by my garden, my pond and the feathered tenants of my yard. On our return, we should find our humble board spread in the vine-covered arbor, or in the shady summer-house in the garden. Often would we sit by moon-light in the bower, and quaff the

* Klopstock, Wieland, Kleist and Gleim were four of the most celebrated poets of Germany; the two former of whom are well known in this country. The labors of Bodmer and Breitinger, who were natives of Switzerland and resided at Zurich, greatly contributed to that refinement of taste which took place in Germany about the middle of the last century. T.

temperate bowl, while the merry song went round, unless when the nightingale's melancholy notes should charm us to mute attention.

But whither have I wandered? Too long, too long has my fancy pursued you, ye empty phantoms! Vain wish, never shall I behold thy completion. Man is ever dissatisfied; he casts his longing eyes, towards distant plains of happiness, but labyrinths obstruct the entrance: he then sighs and forgets to seize those blessings with which the allotted track of life is strewed. Virtue alone is real happiness. He is a wise and a happy man, who cheerfully fills the place assigned him by the director of the universe. Yes, godlike Virtue, thou affordest felicity; thou dispensest joy and bliss in every vicissitude of life. O, whom need I envy, if possessed of thee, I contemplate my humble career! I shall expire in peace, lamented by those noble minds who loved me for thy sake--lamented by you, my friends! When ye pass by the hillock that covers my relics, press each other's hands and say: "Here lies the dust of a virtuous man. His endeavours to attain to happiness are now rewarded by the Almighty with eternal felicity: soon will our dust be laid beside his, and we shall enjoy with him this everlasting bliss." And when thou, my love, wanderest by my grave, and the daisy and the marigold wave towards thee from the hillock, then may the tear start into thine eye: and if departed spirits be permitted to revisit the earth they once inhabited, and the peaceful groves where they often passed the blissful hours in solemn meditation on the important object of their existence, then shall my



NIGHT.

SILENT Night! how lovely thy shades descend around me, here on this mossy stone. I gazed on the sun, as he sunk beneath yon range of hills, and smiled for the last time through the flimsy mist, which, like a golden veil, enveloped the distant vineyards, the groves and the meads. All nature celebrated his departure, in the mild reflection of the crimson tints which glowed in the streaked clouds; the birds chanted their last strains and in pairs retired to their nests; the shepherd, accompanied by his lengthening shadow, while returning to his cottage, played his evening tune, when I here sunk in soft slumber.

Didst thou, Philomel, awaken me by thy tender strain, or some wandering wood-god, or a nymph stealing with timid step through the thicket?

O how lovely is all nature in the milder beauty of night: how sweet is the repose that reigns around me! What delight, what soft transport thrills my throbbing heart!

My eyes wander over the dark thicket, and repose on the light spots, which the moon, gleaming through the thick vault of quivering leaves, throws on the mossy trunk, on the waving grass, or on the trembling branch, amid the deep shade. Often do I suddenly recal my wandering glance, startled by

the deception which some crooked stem, some rustling in the thicket, or some passing shadow, offer to the imagination: or I contemplate the waves which dance like sparks on the dark stream that murmurs past me; for Cynthia rides over the glistening summits of the trees, drawn by nimble stags, or dragons with rustling wings.

How sweetly do ye breathe your fragrance around me, ye flowers! and thou violet, that openest only in the silent night, and diffusest thy balmy perfumes. Your variegated beauties and glowing colors are invisible, but your odors betray you to the ravished sense. In your soft bosoms ye nurse the slumbering zephyrs, who fatigue themselves during the day with wanton sports around you; they awake surrounded by the dews collected in the pure cups formed by your leaves.

But what soft murmur, what hoarse notes resound from yon swampy meadow? Young frogs, seated upon leaves, sing their drowsy song, mingled with the harsh croaking of those that float on the logs in the neighboring pool, or repose among the reeds, or raise their green heads from the marsh and as gaily chant to the moon their hoarse song, as the nightingale her most tender strains.

Beyond the meadow rises, with a gentle swell, a tufted hill, yonder, where, beneath the tall oaks, the moon-light and dark shadows alternately chase each other. From its side rushes a streamlet: I hear, I hear its murmuring; it pours over mossy stones, hastens, foaming, into the valley, and kisses with its dancing waves the flowers on its banks.

It was there, upon its grassy bank, that I once found, by moon-light, the fairest of maidens: she

reclined upon the flowers, clad in a light robe, thin as the transparent clouds in which the moon often veils herself; a lute rested on her soft lap and on her delicate arm, while her hand, sweeping the clear-sounding strings, produced tones more enchanting than Philomel's tenderest lays.

She sang: all nature listened to the strain. The nightingale was hushed in attention; Cupid, enraptured, listened in the thicket, leaning on his bow. "I am the God of Love," said he to himself, "the god of the sweetest extacies; but, by Styx, few of the most blissful moments I have enjoyed since I was Cupid, have afforded transport equal to this."

Cynthia commanded her dragons to still the rustling of their wings: she leaned attentive over the side of her silver car, and the chaste goddess sighed.

The maiden ceased her song; Echo, enraptured, had already thrice repeated the last note in the near and distant cliffs; all nature listened to the strain, and the nightingale still sat mute on the leafy bough. I approached the fair one: "Celestial maid! Goddess!" I exclaimed, and trembling, pressed her hand and sighed. She fixed her modest eyes on the ground, and blushed. I sank beside her; my faltering voice and trembling lips described to her my unutterable rapture.

My trembling left hand wantonly sported with her delicate fingers on her knees, while my right arm encircled her snowy neck, over which floated her auburn ringlets.

My hand sunk on her throbbing bosom; the maiden sighed: I felt it. Her languishing eyes

were turned towards the ground, and with trembling force she removed my hand from her heaving bosom. O maiden! maiden! what have I since felt! I fear thou hast bound my inconstant heart for ever in thy chains.

But gods! what lights are those I see yonder in the dark mead? How they pursue each other! now they dance in a circle—now they fly, swift as lightning, over the woods and hills. Ye are divinities! the devout countryman trembles before you; but the bold student prophanely names you, "inflammable vapors." Ye are mild deities, who benevolently appear at night: ye conduct the wandering lover to his anxiously-expecting maiden; or ye light their way when they repair to the secret thickets; or mislead the listening betrayer, and leave him flouncing in the treacherous marsh.

But where are you now, ye flitting divinities? Ye have vanished from my sight, and not a single light appears on the dark plain; save that, yonder, like a little lamp, hangs a glow-worm in the grass, dim as the dying taper in the closet of the laborious student who dozes over folios, while his wife slumbers neglected on the solitary couch. Thou, O Muse! canst tell me how this insect acquired the luminous property by which it is distinguished. Jove, the inconstant Jove once loved a mortal maid, and Juno pursued him with that old-fashioned jealousy, unknown to the milder manners of modern dames, who, with a smile of indifference, take their sweeter revenge, when their lords, forsaking their household-goddesses, have recourse to their more youthful attendants, to cool the flames of lawless desire. With jealous rage and keen-observing

eye, she followed his every step. Once by moonlight, she surprized him in an embowering thicket, fluttering, in the form of an insect, on the bosom of a mortal beauty, and in the folds of her robe. Burning with rage, she long beheld, from a cloud, this extraordinary scene. "Other insects love only those of their kind; 'tis strange that a winged worm should be inflamed with a passion for a maiden:" said she, with indignant raillery; when Jove suddenly resumed his immortal form, and clasped the affrighted maiden in his arms. "What he was before, thou shalt now be;" exclaimed the enraged goddess, and to avenge the injured laws of Hymen, the maid was instantly transformed into a crawling insect. She crept from the embrace of the astonished Jove, and ascended the broken stalk of a lily. To perpetuate the memory of her vengeance, Juno, borrowing a ray from the evening-star, bestowed it on her rival, and by this mark, the whole species of insects has since been distinguished.

Fleecy clouds now float across the star-besprinkled heavens; they are bordered with glistening silver. Little love-gods sport on their pellucid surface; they dispense dews, to refresh the vine and the roses which to-morrow shall bloom on the bosom of beauty; for, ah! how often do the artful deities avail themselves of the services of both!

But the clouds lose their silvery lustre. Wherefore, O Luna! dost thou conceal thyself beneath the shadowy veil? Have the wanton sports of the love-gods on the clouds offended thee, thou chaste one; or has some satyr repeated to thee Endymion's name?

Night.

Shed thy beams on my path, gentle goddess! I will leave the thicket and repair to yon hill, where young vines overshadow the meandering stream. On its commanding brow rises a bower, whose lofty arch, formed by the tangling branches of creeping vines, is hung with the purple clusters: where, reclined against its verdant side, while my flowing bowl was incircled with roses, I have oft sung, with my friends, the joyous strains, dictated to Hagedorn and Gleim by Euphrosyne and the love-gods.

Yonder it rises, the high-arched bower! Emotions of awe are mingled with the darkness that rests beneath its shade: for Bacchus has taken it into his protection.

Oft amid the silence of night, the astonished wanderer hears jovial songs and the silver tone of the brimming goblet. He hears it, looks round, but his inquisitive eye can discover nothing. He retires trembling with affright, and filled with holy awe pursues his way.

Hail, shady bower! how high tower thy arching sprays, hung with the purple clusters! How lovely play thy leaves in the moon-beams!

What is it that rustles through the bower, and flits from cluster to cluster? It is zephyrs, and—believe the Muse—atoms of future joys. Willing zephyrs bear them on their balmy pinions: they flutter with the love-gods and settle on the ripening clusters; they sport, and play, and pursue each other through the labyrinth of fragrant grapes. Weary they assemble in the hollow vine-leaf, or bathe in the dew in the opening bosom of the rose, or slumber in the carnation and smile, when, on awaking, they find that some beauteous maiden

has plucked the flower and planted them with it on her snowy bosom.

Ye friends! who, far away, now lie extended in peaceful slumbers—ah! had ye been here, had the beams of your taper, glimmering through the vine-leaves, gladdened my sight; or had the sound of your songs from afar saluted mine ear; how had I hastened into your arms, and intoxicated with pleasure, joined in the chorus!

But, what do I hear? Sounds of mirth and laughter seem to ascend the hill. Perhaps it is Bacchus, with his whole joyous train. But no! O transport! I see you, my friends! Come! let us crown ourselves with vine-leaves; let us seat ourselves in a circle in the bower! Who will begin a merry song? It shall resound through the neighboring woods, and hill to hill shall repeat the strains.

The faun who slumbers in his cave shall hear it and awake. Astonished he will listen to the song; he will spring from his couch, repeat it and open his wine-skin.

Phœbus, when in his golden chariot, he ascends yon hill, shall find us still untired. "Ah!" he will exclaim, "never since I was Phœbus have I known joys like these!" He will then veil his head in dark clouds, while torrents of rain descend during the whole gloomy day.

CONTEMPLATIONS AMONG THE GRASS.

THOU black, towering pine-wood, whose perpendicular stems rise thick and high amid thy dark shades! ye lofty oaks, and thou stream, that pourest thy dazzling, silvery current behind yon grey mountains; it is not you that I now wish to contemplate: to the grass around me, my observation is now confined. I will survey this wonderful world in miniature, replete with an infinite variety of beauties, with innumerable species of plants, with millions of different inhabitants, which partly fly from flower to flower and partly wander among the mazes of the grass. Infinitely diversified in form and beauty, each here finds subsistence and pleasures; fellow-citizens of the earth, each, in its kind, perfect and good. How softly dost thou murmur past me, little stream! through the watercresses and the purslain, that spreads over thy surface its azure flowers; thou encirclest each of their stems with a small, sparkling ring and shakest their tender blossoms. On either bank, the luxuriant grass is intermingled with flowers; they bend over the tide and thy limpid current flows beneath the variegated arch, and reflects their beauteous hues. I will now look through the little thicket of waving grass; how beautiful appear the various tints of green in the sun-beams! How they throw flitting shadows over each other. Tender plants, with va-

rious kinds of leaves, creep among the grass, or rear their waving blossoms above it. But thou, azure violet! emblem of wisdom, hidest thy modest head diffusing thy perfumes around, while scentless flowers lift their blossoms high above the grass and wave proudly in the breeze. Winged insects pursue each other on the turf; my eye now loses them in the green shade; and now again they sport in the sun-shine, or flying upwards in swarms, dance aloft in the glistening air.

What variegated flower waves yonder over the stream, decked with such bright, such beauteous tints? But no! what a pleasing deception! 'twas a butterfly which has flown away, and left the slender, trembling blade behind. What insect rushes past me armed with black scales, on red glistening wings, and settles (perhaps beside his mate) on yon blue-bell? Flow gently, thou murmuring stream! Wave not the grass or the flowers, ye zephyrs! methought I heard the sounds of the softest music. Yes, they sing; but our ears are too gross to catch the delicate tones, as our eyes are too dull to perceive the minute parts of their forms. What pleasing murmur do I hear around me? Why do the flowers thus bend their heads? It is a swarm of little bees, which joyfully issued from their distant habitation, dispersing themselves over the meadows and gardens. With cautious industry they selected the yellow spoils, which they are bearing back, each animated with equal zeal for the welfare of their little commonwealth, where indolence is unknown. They fly about from flower to flower and hide their hairy heads in the cups of the blossoms;

or with difficulty force their way into the yet-unexpanded buds, which, closing again upon them, conceal the little robbers that plunder them of those treasures, they would not perhaps have unfolded till the morrow to the rising sun-beams and the glistening dew.

Yonder, on the tall clover blossom, settles a little butterfly; he waves his variegated wings of glittering silver marked with small purple spots; their gold border is insensibly blended with a tint of green. There sits the gaudy insect and arranges the plume of silver feathers on his diminutive head. Bend the flower over the stream, beautiful butterfly, and contemplate thy image; then wilt thou resemble the fair Belinda, who, as she gazes on her mirror, forgets that she should be something superior to a butterfly; her robes are not so splendid as thy wings, but she is thoughtless as thou.

What wanton sport are ye beginning little zephyrs? They flutter in pursuit of each other, through the grass; as a gentle breeze drives before it the waves of the lake, so they bow the rustling herbage. Its little party-colored inhabitants fly aloft and look down upon the confusion: the zephyrs again repose, and the peaceful grass and the flowers invite their return.

But, where shall I now conceal myself? Cover me, ye flowers! Yonder comes the young Hyacinthus in his splendid, embroidered clothes: he hastens whistling over the humble turf; in vain Nature may smile, to him her beauties are too stale; he is hurrying to the gaming-table, where his dress will have more charms for the polite company assembled

round it, than the glowing tints of eve. How he would laugh, were he to see me reclined, far from the fashionable assembly, among the insects in the grass. But excuse me, Hyacinthus! if I gaze not on your proud gait, and your splendid dress; for here, on this blade of grass, crawls an insect whose wings of green and gold exhibit all the brilliant and varying tints of the rain-bow. Forgive me, Hyacinthus! and forgive Nature, who has bestowed on a fly a more beautiful dress than human heart is capable of producing.

O how fair art thou, Nature! how beauteous in thy smallest works. The purest pleasures are renounced by him, who lives regardless of thy charms, whose mind, enslaved by furious passions, corrupted by false joys, is unsusceptible of that bliss which thou affordest. Happy is he whose soul, free from remorse, unclouded by care, is alive to every impression of thy beauty. The scenes which others pass with insensibility and disdain, are to him replete with pleasures; to him all Nature appears arrayed in charms; his senses are continually discovering inexhaustible sources of pleasure in every path in which he walks, in every shade beneath which he reposes. For him soft raptures spring from every stream, they mingle with the perfumes of every flower, with the melody and the murmur of every bush. No satiety destroys the ever-new pleasures which the endless variety of Nature's beauties affords. Infinitely varied and inexpressibly beautiful even in her minutest works, she has exquisitely fitted every object in all its relations for the purposes for which it was designed.

Contemplations among the grass.

Happy, O happy he, who derives his innocent pleasures from this inexhaustible source; his mind is serene as the fairest day of spring; his sensations are soft and pure as the zephyrs, which waft around him the perfumes of the flowers.

SPRING.

WHAT melody, what sacred transport chase from my brow the illusory dreams of morning? I see, O heavenly joy!—I see thee, smiling youth, thee, lovely Spring! Aurora in purple robes leads thee on in the east; frolic mirth, loud laughter, the Graces, with arms entwined, and Cupid himself attend thee, gay Spring! the god of love already smiles on the woods and meads, at the thoughts of his future conquests wields his unerring bow and shakes his quiver. On the glittering rays of the morning sun ye advance; the birds joyfully seek his roseate beams to greet you with their songs. The young roses swell impatiently from their buds; each strives to be the first with open bosom and fragrant perfumes to smile upon thee. The wanton sport of the zephyrs announces thy coming; they fly from the hills into the vallies, flutter through the thickets and the woods: they laugh delighted when they pass by the place where they betrayed the fair-one, listening behind the bushes to her love-lorn swain; or mischievously raised blushes on the maidens' cheeks while treading the mazes of the dance. They flutter through the thickets and woods, and whisper thy arrival to the sleeping nymphs and the fauns in their caves. The cloven-footed satyrs and fauns spring from their beds; they call the sprightly nymphs with joyous shouts and

the pipe of many reeds. The nymphs of the streams open their urns, which in winter they had closed, and pour murmuring brooks beneath the verdant canopy of boughs, or down the mossy hill, in many a rushing fall; they wind through the meads and collect in thickets and groves into polished lakes, where they oft incircle the delicate limbs of bathing maidens.

Come, Spring! come, thou author of joy! 'Twas under thy mild sway that our rocking vessel, my brothers! ploughed the smooth sea: thousands of silvery waves danced round us; frolic zephyrs sported among them and chased them from the vessel when they wantonly dashed against its sides. They drove them from the ship to the shady shore, where Echo repeated the merry laugh; they took refuge among the waving reeds, and again danced around the vessel. 'Twas then, my brothers! that with vine-sprigs ye crowned me your king, and mirth and pleasure reigned among us. Then too, Spring shed his mild influence over us, when, on the lofty brow of yon hill, we erected a hut of green boughs, where, stretched on the verdant turf beneath its shade, we caroused and sang merry songs. The wood-gods listened to us and softly imitated the strains; they now repeat them in the woods and the caves of the mountains, while they dance or quaff the flowing bowl.

Hasten, Spring! to deck the meads with flowers, and the woods and bowers with leaves. Bacchus and Silenus and his train, smile at thy approach; for where dwells sweeter pleasure than in the green shade of the bower? The god of love oft visits thee jovial Bacchus, in the cool shade of the bower; the

Spring.

Muses, too, resort to him, for he loves the son
Bacchus then sings and laughs, till his garland
vine-leaves that overshadowed half his face, fal
from his brow. He relates, over the flowing bov
his travels through distant India, his conquests ov
the dark-brown nations, and how, in his childhoo
he converted pirates into dolphins, how the vi
and the ivy entwined the mast and the oars, and
stream of sweet-wine gushed forth at his comman
Then, draining the bowl, he laughs and relates th
origin of the rose. " I was pursuing a youn
nymph," says he; the maiden fled with light ste
over the flowers, and archly smiled, when lookin
behind, she beheld me following her with u
steady feet. By Styx! I should not have overtake
the maid, had not a friendly thorn-bush caug
her flowing robe. I ran joyfully to the maide
and softly touching her cheek: ' Maiden,' said
' be not so coy: I am Bacchus the god of wine an
of pleasure, Bacchus, ever fair and ever young
The maiden inspired with awe, no longer denie
me a kiss. To reward the thorn-bush, I touched
with my staff, and flowers sprang forth of the sam
lovely hue as the maiden's glowing cheeks. Suc
was the origin of the rose."

Pan, reclined on his mossy couch, listens atte
tive, and supporting his pine-crowned head on h
arm; "Bacchus," he replies, "thou wast more fort
nate than I, when I pursued Syrinx. O what a woun
didst thou then give me," he continues, turning
Cupid, who still laughs at the recollection; " sh
was changed into reeds." He then looks sorro
fully at his pipe, then grasps the bowl and drow

his griefs in the foaming beverage. Cupid likewise tells of his conquests, and how he humbles the coyest fair-ones. Ah, how enraptured should I be, black-ey'd maiden! were he once to sing a song of triumph over thee!

THE

FIXED RESOLUTION.

WHITHER wander my wounded feet through thorns and thickly entangled briars. Heavens! what pleasing awe! The pale red stems of the pine-trees, and the tall trunks of the oaks, tower above the wild bushes, and form a dark arch over my head. What a gloom, what melancholy, your dusky shade diffuses around me! Here will I seat myself, at the foot of this hollow oak, entwined with a net of ivy; here will I seat myself, where no human foot has ever trodden, where none shall discover me, save the lonely bird, or the humming bees that collect their honey in the hollow trunk, or a zephyr, which, born in the wilderness, has never fluttered on any bosom. Or thou, murmuring brook! whither dost thou wander beneath the bare roots, and through the wild, interwoven bushes? I will follow thy course; perhaps thou wilt conduct me to some still more solitary spot. Heavens! what a prospect extends itself to my view. Here I stand on the brink of a precipice, and look down on the vale beneath. I will seat myself on this jutting crag, from which the brook precipitates its

foaming current into the dark pine-wood below, with a roar like that of distant thunder. Withered shrubs hang down the side of the rock, like the wild hair over the misanthropic brow of Timon, who never yet pressed a maiden's lips. I will descend, and with melancholy step wander beside the stream that steals through the desert vale. Hail thou solitary valley, and thou stream, and thou dark forest! Here on thy sands, O shore! will I now wander, and, like a hermit, repose beneath your shades, ye melancholy woods! Adieu, Cupid! thy arrows cannot reach me here; I will renounce love, and study wisdom, in these solitary wilds. Adieu, dark maiden, whose black eyes enkindled the flames of love in my unguarded heart; adieu! It was but yesterday that thou gaily sportedst around me in thy white, summer garments, like the waves which here dance in the sun-beams. And thou, fair-haired maiden, adieu! Thy languishing glance—Alas! too deeply hast thou captivated my heart; and thy heaving bosom — ah! how often, I fear, I shall see it, amid my solitary and gloomy contemplations, and sigh. Adieu, Melinda! majestic as Pallas in figure and in face; adieu, little Chloe! who wast wont to dance so gaily around me and kiss me. I will flee you for ever; I will spend the remainder of my days in serious meditations beneath these pines, and laugh at love. I will wander in melancholy, embowering shades and —— But—Heavens! what is this I perceive in the sand? I tremble: ah! it is the footsteps of a maiden!—How small, how delicate must be that foot!—Melancholy resolutions, where are ye now? —How charming must be her gait! I will follow

her—Ah! maiden; I hasten to follow thy steps. O! if I should find thee, how I would press thee to my bosom and kiss thee! "Flee not, my love!" I would say, "or flee only like the rose from the kisses of the zephyr; she bends her blushing face away from him, but returns smiling to meet his caresses."

TO CHLOE.

YESTERDAY, when a rose-leaf floated through the air, Chloe! when a fragrant perfume was diffused around us—I will tell thee what I then saw, which thou couldst not perceive. When, seated by thy side, my arms encircled thee, when my sparkling eyes and my sighs expressed much more than my stammering tongue could tell; I saw (for the poet is favored with many a vision) I saw a little Cupid on the rose-leaf. He stood, like the god of the sea on his shelly car, and zephyrs, smaller than bees, drew the light chariot along. The little god was charming as one of thy glances, and lovely as thy smile. He guided the chariot straight to thy bosom; he descended on the edge of thy robe; the zephyrs stole into thy nosegay, which threw a waving shade over thy breast. The little god alighting, fluttered on thy heaving bosom, and reclined in the middle to enjoy voluptuous repose. "Powerful god of love," I softly sighed, "mightiest of the gods! O listen to my supplication! No mortal has so deeply felt thy power as I. Reward my anxiety, my sufferings; reward the poet who ever acknowledged thy power. Grant, O grant, that the affection which now beams from

Chloe's eyes, may never expire in her heart! How easy, how easy were it for her to prove inconstant! —horrible, tormenting thought!—for her, whose irresistible charms are owned by every heart. Hear, O hear my prayer, thou mightiest of the gods!"

Cupid, leaning one arm on thy snowy bosom, while, in his right hand he reared his victorious bow: "The graces (said he, unheard but by me) invisibly nursed her, and the love-gods brought each charm to its present perfection. Her glance and her smiles are potent as myself; her playful wit is like the arrows of my quiver; whoever sees her is enamored. She loves thee, she has chosen thee from among other mortals. She shall love thee, I swear it by my victorious shafts!—she, who unites the charms which are divided among all the beauteous nymphs in the train of Venus, thou happiest of men!"

Thus spoke Cupid, and fluttering down over the fairest of bosoms, ascended his rosy car. "I am now hastening to Gnidus," said he. "Chloe's statue, of polished marble, shall be placed next to the image of my mother. It shall be the emblem of faithful love, and those who cherish in their bosoms virtuous flames, shall offer wreaths of flowers on her altar."

The rose-leaf again sailed aloft through the air. Thou sawest my silent astonishment, but, unable to express my transport, I could only press thee to my bosom, and sigh.

MORNING SONG.

WELCOME, thou early morning-beam!
Welcome, thou rising day!
From yonder wood-clad mountain's brow,
Soft gleams thy dawning ray.

It glistens in the water-fall,
It sparkles in the dew;
And gladness and each dormant joy
Thy roseate beams renew.

The rising zephyr plumes his wings,
He quits his balmy bed.
Calls to each slumb'ring flow'r to wake,
And shakes its dewy head.

The motley tribe of empty dreams
Now vanish into air;
Like sportive Cupids they surround
And hover o'er my fair.

Fly, zephyr, from each op'ning flow'r
Its sweetest fragrance steal;
Then hasten with the balmy freight,
And Chloe's eyes unseal;

And softly kiss the maiden's lips,
And fan her heaving breast;
Or lip so sweet, or breast so fair
Sure zephyr ne'er caress'd.

And whisper to the waking maid,
That e'er the morn's first gleam,
Her anxious lover breath'd her name
Beside the lonely stream.

*INKLE AND YARICO.**

PART I.

INKLE fled with more rapid step than the rest; his agile feet bore him, out of the sight of the savages, who long continued the pursuit, far away into the darkest recesses of a forest, which securely

* The story of Inkle and Yarico is well known to every English reader. The Germans were first made acquainted with it by the pen of the celebrated Gellert. Bodmer likewise occupied himself with the same subject, probably with a view to amend the conclusion of the story, which he might think defective, and produced a piece in blank verse, which here forms the first part. Our author, who did not exactly coincide in the opinion of that distinguished critic, seems to have thought, that the story should either have been broken off at the place where it originally concluded, or that it should have been extended beyond the limits which Bodmer assigned it. This furnished Gessner with the idea of composing the second part in continuation of the history. It first appeared in the year 1756, but was never introduced by the author into any collection of his works. His motive for this exclusion is supposed, by his friends, to have proceeded rather from that delicacy, which induced him to adopt this method of combating the opinion of Bodmer, than from any dissatisfaction with this early, but by no means unworthy production of his youthful muse. It is not unlikely that he might also have entertained some scruples concerning the introduction of Bodmer's performance, which cannot with propriety be separated from his

concealed him. He now breathed more freely; he seated himself in the lowly grass, kissed the earth, and sought to recal his scattered thoughts. At length, in accents interrupted by sighs, he said: "I have escaped, indeed, with life; but how long shall I be able to preserve it? What fate now awaits me? By flight I have but avoided death in one form, to meet him in another, perhaps still more terrible. When I stretch my weary limbs to repose in the forest, and sleep overtakes me, have I not reason to fear, that I shall be the prey of ravenous beasts?—and if they spare my life, shall I not soon fall a sacrifice to cruel famine?"

He said, and in despair lamented the shortness of his life, which he was about to lose in the bloom of manhood: but Providence secretly watched over his preservation. He now heard a sudden rustling among the bushes; directing his timid eyes to the spot, he perceived an orange-red maiden, covered rather by the foliage than by her scanty clothing. She advanced towards him. Her graceful figure, the gentleness and tenderness that beamed from her eyes dispelled his fears, and inspired him with courage. With folded hands, and in plaintive accents, Inkle thus addressed her:

"Whoever thou art, perhaps the daughter of one of those, from whose arrows I have, with difficulty,

continuation. As the editor of the editions of his works published subsequent to his death was not influenced by similar motives of delicacy, he has introduced both parts; and this will be a sufficient apology for the insertion of the first part in the present translation. T.

saved my life, thou comest not with hostile rage to deprive me of it: no, such an intention accords not with the benevolence, the pity, the love which I discover in thy looks. Providence has assuredly sent thee to rescue me. Let me be thy slave: no service, no employment will be so laborious as not to be rendered agreeable by thy approving smile, as not to be compensated by a look from thee. Keep silence no longer, benevolent maid, but give me life by the sweetness of thy voice and the still sweeter import of thy words." He ceased: she continued with wondering looks to survey the figure of the youth from head to foot; her eyes could not be satiated. Every thing about him was new to her; his white complection, his flowing hair, and his European dress. She was delighted with them all, and with the tones of his manly voice; and his words, though unintelligible, appeared eloquent and harmonious. His language was strange, but she understood his gestures.

She, at length replied in her native tongue: "O stranger! thou mayst be one of that cruel race of men, enemies to us, who, repairing hither in flying vessels from their distant shores, have brought with them murder and devastation; but I see that thou art unfortunate and forlorn. Whoever thou art, fortune has conducted thee to one, who has not a savage and a cruel heart, whose feelings are tender and benevolent—one who is resolved to afford thee every relief in her power, because she beholds thee poor and destitute, and in want of her assistance. 'Tis but little, indeed, that I can give thee, but I bestow it with a willing heart."

Thus she spoke, with gestures, which sufficiently explained the meaning of accents that for the first time broke upon his ear. She then seated herself beside him on the turf, and set before him fruits, which, at the same time, allayed his thirst and satisfied his hunger. Amid these kind offices, the maid sometimes played with the hair of the youth, and beheld with delight the opposition of its color to that of her fingers. She would then draw aside his waistcoat and open his bosom, and laugh, when he again covered it with a modest blush. The eyes of the white man could not refrain from gazing, with eager curiosity, on the yellow-red maiden, and he silently acknowledged, that, in the formation of her person nature had been uncommonly bountiful.

She then conducted him to an over-arching cave, where he reposed securely concealed both from men and wild beasts. There she daily visited him, and each day came in a different dress, of variegated feathers and shells, and the most brilliant stones. She brought him skins both spotted and woolly, precious gifts, which she had received from many a lover, and which she now employed to deck the cave of the stranger. Often, in the twilight of evening, or by favor of the moon-light, she conducted him to sequestered solitudes, where he fell asleep amid the fall of waters and the songs of nightingales. Her part, on these occasions, was to nurse him on her lap, and while he slept to watch for his safety. Thus many tender, peaceful days—days of rapture, passed over the lovers, during which they learned a language of their own, the language of love. Often he wished himself with

his charmer in his native land, where she should be clothed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, like the waistcoat he wore, and should be drawn by horses in moveable houses, that should skreen her tender person from the wind and weather. His wishes awakened a similar desire in her bosom; the solicitude which he manifested, filled her with anxiety, and her eager eyes were now incessantly employed in watching the ocean. She at length discovered a ship off the coast, and made the signals she had been instructed by her lover. It was an English vessel. Inkle embarked and his Yarico with him. This ship was freighted with human merchandize, men who are quite black from head to foot, with flat noses, so that no one pities them, and it is even doubted by some whether their sable persons are endowed with souls. The winds and the sea were propitious, and in a few days the vessel arrived at Barbadoes. The planters came in crowds to the shore to purchase the slaves. The market was brisk: men were sold with the same unconcern as beasts, and oxen were purchased like men. The mercenary spirit, which had till then lain dormant in the bosom of the youth, was suddenly awakened. The frugal young man bartered his benefactress, who had saved his life, whose heart was united to him by the tenderest attachment, for a few ounces of gold. Wounded to the soul by his ingratitude, Yarico stood like a marble statue before him: her dark eyes alone rolled wildly around, and long she surveyed him in silence from head to foot. At length a torrent of tears alleviated her anguish, and restored to her the power of utterance. "How have I been deceived," said she, "to ima-

gine that the feelings of humanity dwelt in thy bosom: thou art one of that wicked race, who from other lands have brought into our peaceful huts crimes and plagues, unknown to us even by name. At first we, indeed, believed that ye were of divine origin, ye were so much superior to ourselves in arts and in knowledge; but your horrible deeds soon caused us to doubt whether ye were born of woman, whether your hearts are susceptible of the soft feelings of humanity. Alas! I fear thou wast not born of a woman: or did a spotted tigress suckle thee at her breasts? If thy mother and she who suckled thee were of human kind, O how couldst thou, with such obduracy, cast off her, who, finding thee on our shore a forlorn wanderer, provided for thy wants and nursed thee on her bosom?—who gave thee her purest affection, who divided with thee the breath of life, and, in the sincerity of her heart, credulously regarded thy words and thy actions as the result of a similar passion. But they were false, and thyself art nothing but falsehood. If I do thee injustice, if one spark of tenderness glows in thy bosom, O my beloved, my husband! cast me not thus from thee, from thy looks, that once smiled so tenderly on me: suffer me to be near thy person. If I must be the slave of any one, let me be thine: give me not to another, with pleasure I will accompany thee as thy slave. Cheerfully will I submit to the hardest labors, so I may still live near thee, still enjoy the sight of thee. Take me as thy slave, and with me the unhappy fruit of thy embraces."—She ceased; grief choaked her utterance. Unmoved, Inkle heard her lamentations; they drew not a sin-

gle sigh from his obdurate bosom, nor did he deign one look at the supplicating maid. Regardless of her entreaties he heard with pleasure that she was pregnant, and took advantage of this information to demand a higher price of the purchaser.

Such is the story related by my author, who here pauses, unmindful that he leaves us filled with horror at this melancholy conclusion. If I might venture to add any thing in continuation, it should be the following: The purchaser feared God, and took compassion on the deserted Yarico, treated her as his daughter, and, in a few days, sent her back to her native land, to her family and friends. Indignant at her story, they curse the white man whose heart was capable of such base ingratitude. She curses him not; she still loves the faithless Inkle; she but laments his insensibility, and wishes herself his slave.

PART II.

IT was a good idea of the poet to describe the release of the orange-red maiden. If the muse assist me, I will sing the second part of Inkle and Yarico. If the reader's bosom would be filled with horror, were the tender maiden left in slavery, he would feel no less, were he to part from Inkle, without observing in him some symptoms of repentance, some emotions of humanity. No heart can be so depraved, as not to be powerfully shaken by returning virtue, or the pangs of remorse; as not to feel,

amid the violence of the passions, an inclination to be virtuous. I will therefore relate Yarico's deliverance and Inkle's remorse.

Yarico, the orange-red maiden, was sold by the cruel man to the governor of the island. No sooner was he made acquainted with her melancholy history, and the perfidy of Inkle, than he sent the overseers of the slaves to seek him. "The wretch," said he, "shall serve five years in slavery, as the just punishment of his crime."

Inkle, in the mean time, stood profoundly musing on the shore. "What have I done?" said he. "For paltry gain I have sold her who preserved my life, who so tenderly loved me!" He threw the money from him with horror; then musing again, he exclaimed: "But what am I doing?—The deed was cruel, but—it is done. I have sold her to a kind master—I feel, I feel that it will cause me many an uneasy hour, but it is done." He said, and was preparing to take the money from the ground: but horror chilled his blood. "Give me not to another," he continued weeping, 'O give me not to another,' were the last words that her trembling lips addressed to me. 'Cheerfully will I submit to the hardest labors, so I may still live near thee, still enjoy the sight of thee. Take me as thy slave, and with me the unhappy fruit —— the unhappy fruit—' He paused, and turned pale; the dews of anguish trickled from his brow, he trembled, as trembles the wretch in the very attempt to injure innocence, when the thunder bursts over him, and the lightning shivers the tree beneath whose shade he has begun the brutal deed.

Thus he trembled, when the overseers of the

slaves seized him. "Wretch," said they, "as a mild punishment for thy crime, the governor condemns thee to five years' slavery: quick, strip off thy garments, and assume the habit of a slave." Inkle stripped himself, and while he put on the habit of his new condition, tears streamed down his cheeks. "A mild punishment, indeed," said he, "for the basest of crimes: I am happy in being punished; perhaps the recollection of my guilt will thus be rendered less insupportable." He was now equipped in his new garments, and they led the wretch to hard labor among the other slaves—the wretch who now felt easier while enduring the punishment of his crime.

In the mean time, Yarico, who still lamented the infidelity of her lover, was treated with kindness by her master, and in a few days he sent her, loaded with presents, on board a vessel that was to carry her to her native shore. Oppressed with sorrow, she now stood on the deck, and gazed on the lessening shore in profound and melancholy silence, when one of the mariners approached her and said: "Orange-red maiden, why mournest thou? Rather shouldst thou rejoice, that we are conveying thee to thy native land, from a country where thou wast sold for a slave." "I should, indeed, rejoice," replied the orange-red maiden, were I not leaving the shore where dwells my faithless lover, without having shed one parting tear on his bosom. O that I had but embraced him! and had the cruel man even denied me that consolation, still would I have clasped him in my arms. Where is he? O tell me where is my faithless lover?" "The governor of the island," replied the mariner, "has

condemned him to five years of slavery, as a slight punishment for his crime: I saw him myself engaged in hard labor among the slaves." "Unfortunate Inkle!" she exclaimed, "O hadst thou never beheld me, thou hadst not now been suffering punishment for thy cruelty to me! O tell me, my friend, how did he support his situation? What did he, what said he, when thou sawest him among the slaves?" "When I saw him among the slaves," answered the seaman, "he was cultivating the ground, low bending over his work: but suddenly raising himself, he fixed his weeping eyes on his slave's habit, and the hoe in his hand. 'Ye are dear to me,' said he, 'ye wretched weeds, and thou, hoe, art more precious than a royal sceptre; if yet a feeble ray of joy can gladden my miserable life, it is that which I experience in suffering the punishment of my guilt. O Yarico! my beloved! Ah! —— But, wretch that I am, let not my lips profane the name of the maid, whom I have treated with the blackest ingratitude!' He said, and the slaves who were at work near him paused from their labor, and leaned in silent attention on their hoes. 'Friends,' he cried to the slaves around him—'but no; I am not worthy to be called the friend of man. Despise, abhor me; I am a disgrace to human nature: nothing is human of me but the form, of which I am unworthy. Ye men, abhor me, a detestable being who does not belong to your species. Listen, and let horror fill your souls! On a distant shore, a beautiful maiden saved my life; she nursed me tenderly, and tenderly she loved me. I promised to take her to my native land, where, in my faithful arms, she should

enjoy the reward of her benevolence. Full of tender affection she cheerfully accompanied me into a vessel. It was here on this shore that we first landed, and here — listen, and shudder at my hateful ingratitude, here I sold her for a slave, and with her the fruit of our love, her unborn offspring! O how she wept! how she wrung her hands! Detest me, all of you; I am not worthy to associate with men! Ye birds, sing not for me as I labor; shun the place where I am, as ye would a wilderness tainted with the putrid exhalations of some mouldering carcase!"

Yarico heard and wept; she now clasped her hands over her head, and sighed bitterly, fixing her eyes on the receding shore. "O Inkle! my beloved! And dost thou mourn thy infidelity! What more is necessary to insure my perfect forgiveness. Shall I never behold thee again; shall the offspring of our love never smile in thy arms, and lisp to thee the name of father? O that I could be near thee and share thy misery, and when thou art overcome with fatigue, wipe the sweat from thy brow!" Thus she lamented, till the land disappeared. She now saw nothing but the vast, expanded ocean around her; but soon her native shore advanced from amid the grey mist to meet her.

Inkle meanwhile labored among the slaves. The recollection of his crime impressed constant wrinkles on his brow; keen remorse, and the remembrance of the tenderness and benevolence of the orange-red maiden had revived and strengthened his former affection. "Where art thou, Yarico?" he exclaimed. "Alas! lost to me for ever, thou and thy child and mine: never will it call me fa-

ther, unless when thou relatest to it my cruelty, and it repeats my name and shudders. Ah! how wretched am I! The recollection of me must fill with keenest anguish the soul of her whom I love above all things; and when she mournfully repeats my name, horror must pervade the surrounding country."

A whole year Inkle was tormented with these painful reflections. One night as by moon-light he wept beneath a solitary tree, one of the overseers of the slaves approached, and commanded him to follow him. He conducted him to the garden of the governor of the island. "Inkle," said the governor, "heaven has not overlooked thy sincere repentance; to-day a person has arrived on our shore and purchased thy freedom Inkle stood oppressed with grief; no ray of joy beamed from his eyes or his clouded brow. "And dost thou not rejoice in thy liberty?" said the governor. "Sir," replied Inkle, while his weeping eyes were fixed on the ground, "how can I rejoice, how can I, wretch that I am, hope for mercy from heaven? Must not the sighs of my beloved, and of my innocent child — O how dare I venture to call them so? —must they not incessantly accuse me? What can give me pleasure, me, who abhor myself? Where can I be happy, where can I find peace? O Sir, permit me to suffer the punishment of my cruelty, permit me to remain your slave!" While Inkle thus spoke, some one hastened from behind the neighboring trees. It was Yarico arrayed in a bridal dress, and adorned with variegated feathers; a garland of flowers encircled her head, and in her arms she held a lovely infant. "Ah Inkle!" said

she, sobbing, and throwing herself upon his bosom, "refuse not thy freedom. It is I who have purchased it; here is thy faithful wife, here thy beauteous infant!" Inkle, falling at her feet, embraced her knees; his emotion long deprived his quivering lips of the power of utterance. "O Yarico! O my beloved! and dost thou not start from me with horror? and can it be thou who hast ransomed me! Ah! how canst thou so tenderly love one who has treated thee with the basest ingratitude—one who is not worthy to be remembered by thee, who deserved only thy abhorrence?" "O Inkle!" said she, "rise, my beloved! let me no longer languish for thy embrace; no longer deprive thy child of the paternal kiss!"

SONG OF A SWISS

TO HIS MISTRESS, ON HER APPEARING IN ARMOR.*

HEAV'NS, is it—is it thou, my love?—
What strikes my dazzled sight?—
How brightly from thy polish'd helm
Flash gleams of trembling light!

And how the white and crimson plumes
Stream in the rustling wind;
Thy auburn tresses mingling too,
Float carelessly behind.

But now thy heaving bosom's charms
The envious armor steals,
And all that lovely, graceful form
The circling mail conceals.

But no! I see that handsome foot,
That well-turn'd knee I spy,
Which else the robe's depending folds
Veil from my curious eye.

* When the emperor Albert besieged Zurich, the females of that town put on armor, and appeared completely accoutered among the ranks of their husbands and fathers. The emperor, deterred by the appearance of such a numerous force, withdrew from before the place.

Thus beaming in refulgent steel,
In beauty's bloom elate,
Thou'rt like th' empyreal guard of old,
Who watch'd at Eden's gate.

His frown the wicked only scar'd,
On Virtue's sons he smil'd:
So those blue eyes that smile on me,
Flash vengeance on the foe.*

O may the haughty foe's keen shafts
Hiss harmless o'er thy head,
And none e'er wound thy tender breast
But those by Cupid sped!

* In all the poetical pieces I have studied to preserve the same metre, and to render the author's sentiments in the same number of lines as the original. To the desire of conforming to this principle, I have in this instance been obliged to sacrifice the rhyme; as I should otherwise have been incapable of expressing the precise idea of the author with equal energy and brevity. T.

TO THE WATERFALL.

IS this the spot where, drunk with pleasure,
Beneath embow'ring shades I lay?
Is that the rock from whose brown summit
The streamlet dash'd its headlong way?

Ah see, where pour'd the limpid torrent
O'er stones and moss its foaming tide,
Now glistens bright a crystal column,
Depending from the tall cliff's side.

How dull the grove, stripp'd of its honors,
Where once beneath the darksome shade,
Among the gently-waving foliage
The zephyrs with the blossoms play'd.

How lovely gleam'd the dancing sun-beams,
The thick o'er-arching boughs between,
On the soft moss, the stream, the flowers—
How dreary now—how chang'd the scene!

But soon again shall spring returning
With freshest verdure clothe each bow'r;
Again dissolve the ice-bound current,
And shed around its gladd'ning pow'r.

O then beneath your shades receive me,
Where free from care my hours may fly,
As, list'ning to the cascade's murmur,
Upon the mossy bank I lie.

Then shall the dark wood and the valley,
Th' enamell'd plain and breezy hill,
And ev'ry simple vernal flower
My heaving breast with transport fill.

To the waterfall.

Nor kings nor princes then I'll envy
As near the cool stream I recline;
And, while my senses swim in pleasure,
I quaff with glee the gen'rous wine:

Or when, beneath your shady bowers,
The Muses glowing themes inspire,
Whose strains shall, ev'n in unborn ages,
Each breast with virtuous ardor fire.

A LETTER

ON

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING:

ADDRESSED TO M. FUSSLI,

AUTHOR OF THE

"HISTORY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED PAINTERS OF SWITZERLAND."

A LETTER

ON

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

SIR,

YOU are of opinion, that an account of the route I have pursued, to acquire so late in life some proficiency in the arts, might be both useful and interesting. How much it were to be wished that many artists had done so before me! What advantage should we derive from it, were we to find in the lives of painters a history of their art; the means by which they attained to excellence; their difficulties, and how they surmounted them; together with the observations they made during their progress to perfection. Their works would, perhaps, be less learned than those of profound connoisseurs, but they would contain many useful reflections, that occur to the artist in the exercise of his profession, which the mere critic can never have an opportunity of making. Thus, for example, the work which Lairesse began to write, after he had attained the highest degree of excellence, contains the most useful materials and things which none but a Lairesse could have observed with such accuracy, during his studies and those years in which he executed his best performances. How invaluable is the little

The author's taste for the arts in his juvenile years.

work of Mengs, which furnishes more subjects for useful reflection than are to be found in ponderous folios! If as a philosopher he is sometimes obscure, yet his remarks as an artist are highly energetic and luminous; they manifest such a refined taste, such a spirit of observation and research, as can be expected only of the greatest artist of the present age.

But to return to myself: I am almost afraid to perform my promise. I fear I shall have nothing to say but what is of little importance. In this case, however, I shall only have troubled you with an insipid epistle, which may share the same fate as letters of that description generally experience: and for your own sake as well as mine you will not suffer it to be the only blemish in your work.

"You know that I was never intended for an artist, and therefore, in my youth I had no inducement to cultivate the arts. Though I was continually occupied in daubing, yet these attempts were nothing more than childish amusement, without object or motive. The natural consequences were, that I could not possibly make any progress, and I lost much of my inclination for the pursuit. The beauties of nature and the correct imitations of that original made, nevertheless, the deepest impression on my mind: but my taste for the art was only an undefinable sensation, unconnected with the knowledge of its principles. Hence I was led to prefer another mode of expressing my sentiments and the delight with which I contemplated the beauties of nature—a mode which requires less mechanical practice, but the same talents, the same sensibility and the same attentive observation of her charms.

He chuses Nature alone for his model in his early attempts.

The daily opportunities I enjoyed of examining the valuable collection belonging to my late father-in-law* revived my passion for the arts; and, in my thirtieth year, I formed the resolution of trying whether I could attain to such proficiency as would procure me reputation among artists and connoisseurs.

My inclination led me more particularly to landscape; and I employed myself assiduously in drawing: but the same obstacles, which so many others have met with, impeded my progress. Nature is doubtless the best and the most perfect model. Thus I thought and resolved to draw after nature. But what difficulties had I not to encounter, because I had not sufficiently studied in the works of the best masters the different methods of expressing objects! I followed nature too closely, and found myself involved in minute details, which destroyed the effect of the whole; and I seldom caught the manner which, without being servile or labored, preserves the true character of objects. My grounds were overloaded with complicated details, my trees were tame and not arranged in imposing masses, and the whole was too much broken by

* M. Henry Heidegger, who died in 1763, was from his youth an admirer and connoisseur of the liberal arts. His cabinet is one of the best in our native city, and contains the best engravings from the Flemish school and likewise a complete collection of the first impression of Frey's work, consisting of the best copies that have yet appeared of the sublime productions of the Roman school. It likewise comprises a copious collection of drawings. His son continues to make additions to it, which prove his taste and discrimination.

He finds it necessary to study the works of the best masters.

labor without taste. In a word, my eye was not yet accustomed to consider nature as a picture; I was yet ignorant of the method of adding, or of omitting what it is not in the power of art to express; but at length I found that it was necessary to form myself by the works of the best masters. Is not the error into which I fell, the fault of those ancient artists, who practised the art in its infancy, and consequently had no good models? They copied nature so closely, that the least important objects in their works are often finished with as much care as the most conspicuous. On this account their pictures want the effect they ought to possess. Later artists, observing these defects, endeavoured to avoid them, and made themselves acquainted with the principles of beauty, relating to disposition and variety, masses, light and shade, &c. It was therefore necessary to study after these, and to abridge my route as much as possible, I selected for models only the best and most distinguished performances of their kind. This careful selection of the best works ought to be made the first fundamental principle both by the master and the pupil. Mediocrity is the most prejudicial, and ought to be avoided more than very bad productions, whose defects are more striking. How much might not engravers contribute to the improvement of good taste, if they would endeavour to obtain the approbation of connoisseurs, as well by the judicious selection as by the execution of their performances. What a number of indifferent works that never deserved the labor of a day, have many of them multiplied and dispersed in the world. Or is it not worth while to reflect a little to what purpose

The study of works of mediocrity should be avoided.

we shall apply the labor of so many months? It is a most pernicious loss of time in the instruction of young artists, to detain them with works of mediocrity. It is not thus that they will acquire a taste for what is really beautiful; the *mediocre* becomes supportable to them, and cherishes pride and conceit, because they find it easy to come up so nearly to their originals. Let a young artist study the heads of Raphael, and the sweet, insipid countenances of many of the moderns will become insupportable to him. Let him, on the contrary, copy the works of many fashionable artists, and then delineate the Apollo or Antinous; he will transform them into common figures or bad dancers; and what is still worse, he will not be sensible how ill he has accomplished his task.

In my studies, I found it the best plan to go from one principal part to another. He who attempts to forward the whole together, certainly adopts the most laborious method; his attention is too much divided and must be fatigued by the numerous difficulties he meets with at once amid such a variety of objects. My first attempts were trees, and for my model I selected Waterloo, of whose works I found nearly a complete collection in the above-mentioned cabinet. The more I studied him, the more I discovered the true character of nature in his landscapes. I practised his manner, till I could with facility express my own ideas. At the same time I did not neglect to consult other masters, who, though their manner was not that of Waterloo, nevertheless imitated nature with success. I accustomed myself to work after Berghem and Swanefeld; and whenever I met with a tree, a

trunk, a bush that particularly engaged my attention, I always made a more or less hasty sketch of it. By this mixed practice I acquired more facility of expression and more originality of style, than when I attached myself to Waterloo as my only model. I proceeded from one part to another. For rocks I chose the bold masses of Berghem and Salvator Rosa, and the drawings of Felix Meyer, Ermel and Hackert, in which they have copied the true character of nature. For hills and grounds I took the luxuriant scenes and softly-fading distances of Lorrain; the gently-flowing slopes of Wouvermann, which, illumined by a moderate light, are covered with a tender verdure, that too often, indeed, resembles velvet; and Waterloo, whose grounds are nature itself, so that in this particular he is very difficult to copy. For sandy or rocky grounds, with patches of grass, shrubs and underwood I preferred Berghem.

I found my efforts much less laborious, when I again returned to the study of nature. I now knew in what originality of style consisted; I had learned to observe a thousand objects in nature which had before escaped me, and, with greater ease, to give expression in cases to which the principles of art will not apply. At first I had often sought in vain in my walks for objects for picturesque design; I now discover some at every step. I may often look in vain for a tree whose whole form is beautifully picturesque: but now that my eye is accustomed to it, I can find in a tree, otherwise of a bad figure, some individual part, some well-formed branch or mass of foliage, some particular portion of the trunk, which, if judiciously introduced, imparts

His method of executing studies from nature.

truth and beauty to my works. A stone may furnish me with a model for the finest mass of rock; I can expose it to the sun in any point of view I please, and observe the most pleasing effects of light and shade, *chiaro oscuro* and reflection. But in this mode of studying nature, I am obliged to be upon my guard not to suffer myself to be led away by a taste for singularity; but, on the contrary, to seek what is noble and simple, otherwise I may easily acquire an extravagant style, and overload my compositions with fantastic figures.

My studies from nature were neither labored nor superficial, whether I designed small portions or whole views. The more interesting any part of my subject appears, the more I finish it on the spot. Many artists content themselves with borrowing from nature some grand idea in a hasty sketch, which they finish at some future time. But how? In the manner they have adopted; the truth and peculiar character of the objects are lost. This deficiency cannot be compensated either by the magic of coloring, or by the highest effect of light and shade. The spectator is enchanted, but only for a moment; the scrutinizing eye seeks truth and nature, but these are not to be found.

But when I wished to complete any subject I had taken from nature, and to make such additions as to form a picturesque whole; I found myself embarrassed, and often introduced factitious circumstances, which would not harmonize with the simplicity and truth of those parts which I had selected from nature. My landscapes wanted grandeur and harmony; the light was too much dispersed, and there was no great and striking effect. I was there-

fore obliged to study how to produce a more perfect whole.

I was particularly anxious to discover those artists, who appeared to me to excel with regard to ideas and the choice and disposition of their subjects. In the landscapes of Everdingen I found rural simplicity, even in scenes in which reigns the greatest variety; impetuous torrents, craggy rocks thickly overgrown with bushes, where contented poverty has constructed its simple abode. All his works display boldness, taste and originality; but for rocks it is necessary to have a superior model, and such a one is Dietrich. His productions of this kind are of such excellence, that we are ready to take them for performances of Everdingen, in which he has surpassed himself. I admired Swanefeld's noble ideas, which are executed with such effect, and the reflected lights that fall on his vast masses of shade; the daring genius of Salvator Rosa, and the boldness of Rubens in the selection of his subjects. These and several others I now studied for a whole, as it was my principal object, to impress my imagination with the true sublimity of their style. At length, I began to attach myself exclusively to the two Poussins and Claude Lorrain. In these I found real greatness; not a servile imitation of nature, but a selection of the most beautiful objects she affords. In the Poussins a poetic genius unites all that is great and noble; they carry us back to those times, for which history and poetry fill us with veneration, and transport us into countries, where nature is not wild but varied and luxuriant, and where, under the happiest climate, every vegetable production arrives at the utmost perfec-

The author forms a collection of sketches from great masters.

tion. Their buildings are in the beautifully simple style of ancient architecture, and their inhabitants possess all that dignity which our imaginations, warmed by their great actions, attribute to the Greeks and Romans. An air of loveliness and content pervade all the scenes which Lorrain's pencil has created; they excite in us that rapture and those tranquil emotions, with which we contemplate the beauties of nature. They are rich without wildness and confusion; though diversified they every where breathe mildness and tranquillity. His landscapes are views of a happy land, that lavishes abundance on its inhabitants, under a sky, beneath which every thing flourishes in healthy luxuriance.

All the pieces of these great masters that I could procure I daily contemplated with the utmost attention: but this was not sufficient to make myself thoroughly acquainted with their sentiments and ideas. I laid them aside and sketched their principal parts from memory. This I often repeated, but I did not rest there. I made hasty, rather than accurate copies of their landscapes, which I still preserve. I practise the same method with every thing that appears particularly striking, and thus possess a collection of the best ideas. Perhaps some one may ask why I take so much trouble, as I may procure engravings of the same subjects. To such I reply: that I should then possess a collection, which would have contributed nothing towards my improvement. No: in the way I have mentioned the artist will not fail to form a valuable collection; he will not only have studied the best masters, but will at the same time have put himself in possession of their productions.

Disadvantage of copying the works of others.

When I had continued too long to think after others, I often felt a timidity that repressed my inventive powers. Full of their grand ideas, I felt with humiliation my own weakness and the impossibility of ever attaining to their excellence. Imitation alone is capable of damping the ardor of genius. Has not the truth of this observation been confirmed by the most eminent engravers, and even the celebrated Frey himself, whose own designs are their worst performances? Their principal employment is to copy as accurately as possible the works of others; by which they either lose, or weaken that boldness and vigor of imagination, which are necessary for invention. This timidity I studiously endeavored to overcome. I abandoned my models, delivered myself up to my own ideas and prescribed to myself the most difficult subjects. I soon found the advantages of this conduct; I discovered what best suited my talents, observed what parts were most difficult, and required the most study and attention. I was inspired with fresh courage when I found that my difficulties had disappeared, and that I had completed my task so much better than I expected; at the same time my imagination expanded; for the fancy, like the other faculties of the soul, may be strengthened and enlarged by practice. He who accustoms himself to think after others will never possess originality himself: we have artists and poets who are merely shadows that accompany the steps of others.

I had, besides, made it a rule, never to be unprovided with materials for drawing; these I always carried with me, not only in my journies and my walks, but likewise in the house and in the town.

An advantage sometimes attending the study of works of mediocrity.

Many an idea is lost or forgotten, because we are too indolent to fetch from another room the materials necessary for expressing it. In contemplating pictures and engravings, the fancy conceives ideas produced by our admiration of the objects before us, or even only by some accidental circumstance—ideas that otherwise would never have occurred to the mind. These, conceived in the first warmth, are best expressed at the moment. I, therefore, seldom omitted to sketch on the spot the principal outlines of such ideas, which it is so easy to forget, and the spirit of which it is afterwards so difficult to recover.

I will here mention an advantage that may sometimes be derived from studying works of mediocrity: though I would not recommend the practice excepting to those whose taste is already formed. Indifferent performances may often afford a useful exercise to the taste and the imagination, if, like the poet Rammler, we endeavour to improve upon and embellish the ideas of another.* Sparks of genius may frequently be discovered and distorted ideas that deserve to be better expressed. In many pieces scarcely worthy of notice I have met with hints that have often led me to good ideas. Merian's works, to which too little justice has been done, contain objects selected with the greatest skill from nature, and only spoiled by the insipid

* It will be perceived that the author, with that modesty for which he was so highly distinguished, alludes to the circumstance of Rammler having turned several of his pieces into verse, as mentioned in the memoirs of his life, p. xxiv. T.

style of the execution. Give his trees and grounds the manner of Waterloo, introduce more variety into his compositions, and you will produce effects that would do honour to the greatest genius, and the whole ground-work of which is to be found in Merian.

I must not omit one observation, grounded on manifold experience. What encouragement, what new enthusiasm have I not often derived from studying the history of the art and of artists! This practice extends the circle of our knowledge, calls our attention to the progress of the science, and assists the artist in the study of his particular department. It is pleasing and instructive to inform ourselves of the fate of those whose works we admire; and we are induced to examine the works of the artist with whose history and professional character we are already acquainted. When we observe the respect with which great artists and their works are mentioned, we are necessarily inspired with higher ideas of the importance of the art. When we contemplate the unwearied industry, with which they toiled to acquire their excellence and to support their fame; when we see that neither misfortune, penury, nor any other obstacle could damp their ardor in the prosecution of their grand design; must not this excite the youthful artist to be frugal of every moment and to employ every hour to the best purpose? The errors of many a great artist may likewise prove a salutary and impressive admonition, that prudence and virtue are indispensably necessary to ensure permanent felicity.

Another important remark I would earnestly re-

A painter should study the works of the best poets.

commend to the attention of the artist, that Poetry is the true sister of Painting. He should not omit to read the works of the best poets; they will polish his taste, enlarge his ideas and enrich his imagination with the most beautiful images. Both the poet and the painter draw from the same source, and both are guided by the same principles. Variety, without confusion, is the ground-work of their compositions, and an exquisite sense of the truly beautiful must direct them in the choice of every object and every image in their works. How many painters would chuse their subjects with greater taste; how many poets would give more truth, more picturesque effect to their delineations, if they were more studious to acquire a knowledge of both the arts. The ancients, and especially the Greeks, though their language was so poetical, were strangers to that facility, with which many modern poets accumulate a multitude of discordant images and expressions, and then imagine they have succeeded in picturesque description. Webb's Remarks, in which the beauties of painting are illustrated by passages from the ancient poets, afford the most positive evidence, that the poets of those ages had a profound knowledge of the beautiful in the arts, and had with minute attention observed animated, as well as inanimate nature; for his design rendered it necessary that he should consider them in this point of view. Nor would the modern poets, almost all of whom wish to be regarded as connoisseurs of the art, expose themselves to ridicule, by introducing the name of Dürer into their attempts to paint the Graces, or that of Rubens, when describing the highest degree of beauty, in the figure

of a mortal or of a goddess. But to return to the artist—That landscape-painter is much to be pitied who can contemplate, without enthusiasm, the pictures of a Thomson. I have found in this great master descriptions which might have been copied from the best works of the most distinguished painters, and which the artist might transpose entire upon his canvas. His pictures are diversified, breathing sometimes the rural simplicity of Berghem, Potter, or Roos; sometimes the mild graces of Lorrain, or the grandeur and sublimity of Poussin; sometimes the wildness and melancholy of Salvator Rosa. And here I seize the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of a man now nearly forgotten. Brockes selected for himself a peculiar species of poetry; he carefully studied the various beauties of nature in their minutest details: the most trifling circumstances did not escape his exquisite sensibility; a dew-drop, suspended to a blade of grass and glistening in the sun, was sufficient to inspire him. His descriptions are often too diffuse and too labored; but yet his poems contain a rich fund of pictures and images, accurately copied from nature. They remind us of beauties and objects we ourselves have often observed, which we recognize with lively pleasure, but which memory would not supply when we are most in want of them.*

* It was the works of Brockes that principally contributed to kindle at an early period, the flame of poesy in Gessner's mind, and to lead him to that observation of nature, which contributed the delight and the employment of his future life. See Memoirs of the author, prefixed to vol. I. p. xvi. T.

More than a mechanical knowledge required to form a great artist.

"Must we then become students and philosophers?"—many an artist may perhaps ask with a smile. My advice is of importance to such only as wish to give a character of greatness and sublimity to their works. It is possible to paint a ruined pig-stye, or a low scene of vulgar debauch, with all the magic of coloring, with the most enchanting effect of light and shade, and the highest degree of perfection in the execution of every part.* Such works are doubtless valuable: and those who are satisfied with acquiring the mechanical part of the profession, and are not desirous to store their minds with lofty ideas, may indeed spare themselves the trouble of attending to many points which I have noticed.

Such, my dear friend, are the observations, to the best of my recollection, suggested during my labors and the execution of the plan which I prescribed to myself. Others must decide how far I have succeeded in my art; but I am convinced that the way I have pointed out is both short and sure. For by this two-fold study of nature and the first-rate productions of the art, the painter will enable himself to compare their best methods of expressing objects with nature, and the picturesque beauties of nature with those performances. His eye will become so accustomed to observe in nature whatever is beautifully picturesque, that not a single

* This observation is illustrated, in a most striking manner by many of the performances of the late, celebrated and unfortunate George Morland, the sole merit of which consists in their being accurate representations of nature. T.

Enthusiasm necessary for a great artist.

walk at any season of the year, or any time of the day will be unattended with profit. Like the keen sportsman, no obstacle will be capable of deterring him from the favorite pursuit; he will discover beauties to which the indifferent artist is perfectly insensible. His genius, formed after what is truly great, will every where accompany him, and will know how to treat apparently trivial subjects in such a manner, as to produce a grand idea from an object which artists of inferior talents would overlook. In my walks I have sometimes discovered with astonishment scenes in Poussin's style, which before I considered trifling and unimportant.

If my circumstances have prevented me from making farther progress in the art, yet, with profound respect for it, I have always felt how much reflection and practice is necessary to attain to real excellence. If the artist does not glow with the warmest passion for his art; if the hours he devotes to it are not the happiest of his life; if his art does not constitute the highest delight and pleasure of his life, and the society of connoisseurs is not more agreeable to him than any other; if he does not dream of it at night, and in the morning return with new enthusiasm to his labors; if he seeks only to take advantage of the false taste of the times, and does not paint for real judges, for true fame and for posterity, his works will soon be consigned to oblivion, though they may now decorate every fashionable apartment.

In addition to what I have already said, I cannot refrain, my friend, from communicating to you and the public two wishes, the fulfilment of which would greatly contribute to the advancement of the

art. I have conversed with young artists, who have lamented with tears, that for want of good instructions and encouragement under their difficulties, they have mis-spent the best portion of their lives in ill-directed application. I have seen men of genius, whose works exhibited proofs of great talents and who, if they had not been abandoned to their own judgment, or the bad taste of their country and age, would have attained to real excellence. My wish is, that some philosophical connoisseur, in conjunction with artists of distinction, would compose an introduction for the use both of beginners and of those who give instructions in the art. We have many excellent works on the subject; but they are either too expensive, or not sufficiently simple for beginners. In the work that I propose, the principles of the art should be briefly laid down, and explained with the utmost perspicuity, and afterwards applied to particular examples. These examples should be taken from engravings executed from the works of the best masters, and particularly from such as are not rare or costly, so that the artist may easily meet with them in collections, or purchase them himself. The best and surest method of commencing the practice of every branch of the art should then be pointed out, together with the principal works and the greatest masters in each. The best possible instructions should be given for beginners. In Germany Preissler's elements are generally adopted, and yet his outlines are frequently incorrect, and his heads in particular are in a very indifferent style. In France many elementary works on drawing have appeared, the boldness of whose execution is calculated to de-

ceive. But this bold manner is of no use to the beginner, as it is not accompanied with the correctness of outline so essentially necessary. How much perplexity must it occasion the instructor as well as the scholar, if the parts and muscles, in their different situations and movements, are not accurately delineated in the examples, and if, as is frequently the case in the introduction to landscape, they are detained by objects destitute of truth, and unfit for illustrating any individual principle of the beautiful. I have already observed, how advantageous the study of works which treat of the art and artists, must be to the young painter: to this introduction should therefore be annexed a reference to the best works of that description. It should be the aim of the author to render his book as general as possible, and to make it an universal manual. To those who have not the benefit of able instruction it would be a sure guide, and explain many things which would otherwise remain obscure; and many, whose duty it is to teach others, would find in it an alleviation of their labor.

My second wish is, for a work, containing a circumstantial description of the best performances in every department of painting, in which they should be examined and criticized according to the strictest rules of the beautiful: but it ought to be confined to works of which there are engravings. These remarks ought nevertheless to treat of the coloring; for the reader may, at some future period, have an opportunity of examining the originals, and should this not be the case, they will however furnish the artist and the amateur with a subject for important reflections and observations on this portion of the

art. But only the best compositions of every age and of the best schools should be selected for this purpose; only such, in which the character of the time and the school is strongly marked, in which the true principles of beauty are most judiciously introduced, and from which they may be the most clearly explained. Such criticisms are found in Boydell's works, in the writings of Winkelmann, Hagedorn, Richardson and some others. The criticism on the altar-piece at Dresden, by Mengs, inserted in the "*Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften,*" (the Repository of Belles Lettres) is a master-piece which displays the profoundest knowledge of every branch of the art. Need I say how valuable and how useful such a work would be? To those who may think it an easy task, I would beg leave to observe that in order to be a sure and a useful guide, it ought to be executed by a Hagedorn, an Oeser, a Dietrich, or a Casanova; in a word, the production of the greatest critics and the greatest artists.

THE END.

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